

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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The Seed

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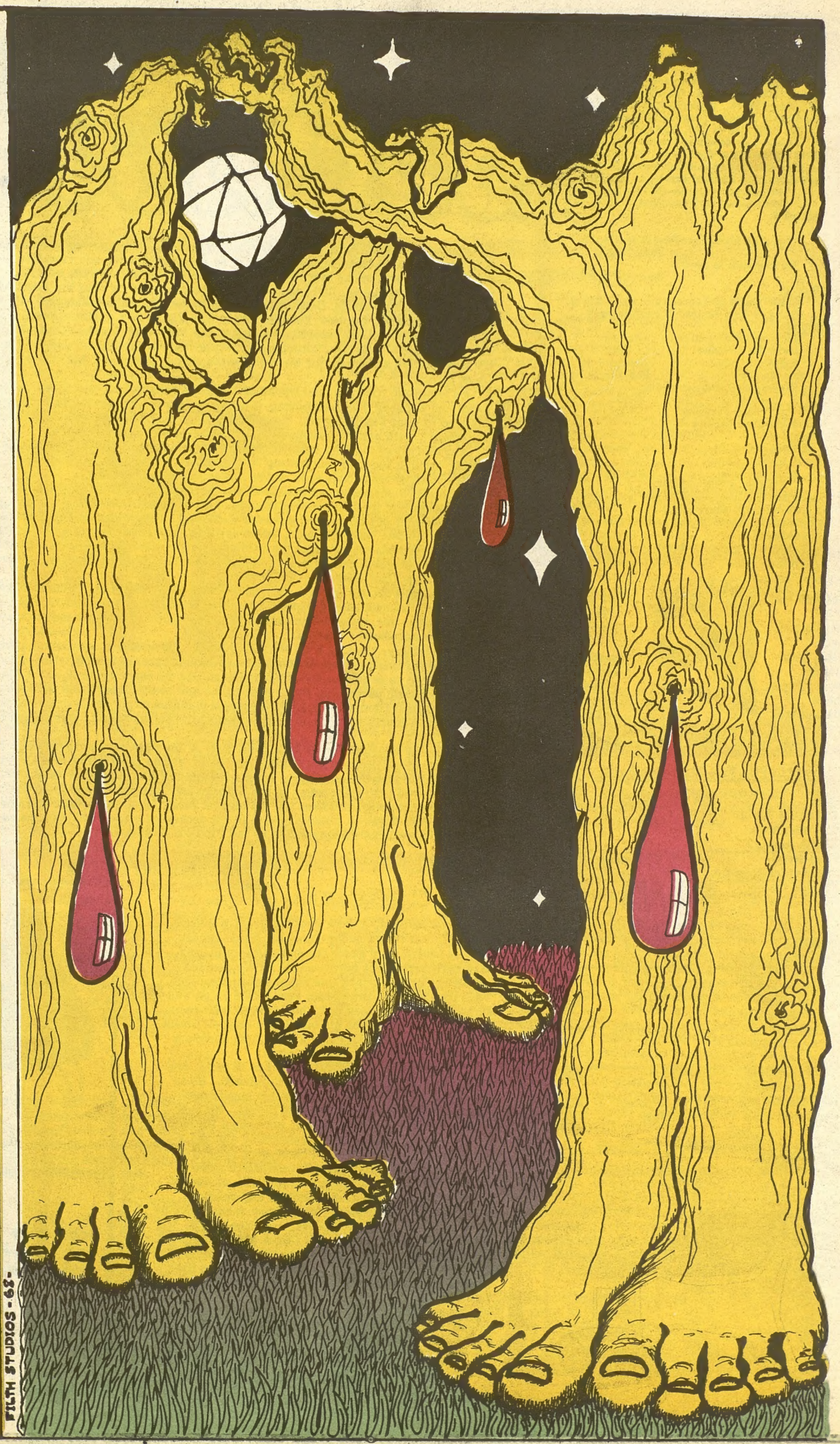
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Walt  
DISNEY  
Presents  
**THE  
GAMBLER**  
A  
Walt  
DISNEY  
Production  
Starring  
**PAUL HENREID**  
and  
**BARBARA ROSS**  
in  
**THE  
GAMBLER**  
A  
Walt  
DISNEY  
Production  
26¢  
35¢ OUT  
OF CASH



FILTH STUDIOS - 68-

# THE CHICAGO SEED

**THE SEED** is published every two weeks by Seed Publishing, 837 N. LaSalle St, Free City of Chicago 60610. Subscriptions (now) cost \$6 for 36 gala issues. Tough darts if you waited. We subscribe to UPS, LNS and Ramparts. Ad and copy deadlines are the first and third Wednesday of the month. We will read manuscripts mailed to us and return them if a self-addressed stamped envelope is provided. National ads--Karma--837 N. LaSalle Local ads--Apocalypse Prod. " 943-5282.

"You shall plant a Seed and it shall grow." Mark Twain.

"So what else is new?" Seed

## Rulers:

Colin "pretty girl covers are where it's at," Harry "I'll go for the air conditioner."

## Slaves:

Jumping Jack(ie) Mrvos Amnesia  
Uncle John Walrus C. Filth  
Apoplectic Abe Energetic El  
Doc Stanley Hobo Graphics  
Karl-Heinkel Messerschmitt  
Perkins Nicky  
Shep Ferguson

Steve and other helpers

## Gurus:

Town Hall P.D. B. Ruml  
J.H. Randall Mary  
McLuhan Luke Nanook

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

Seed Survival Issue--How to live free, your rights, tactics, where to go, etc.  
More on the Nelson slaying and the death of Gil Sanchez.

A Tatal column--to be named.

## HAVE YOU SEEN...?

Kenneth Sharp

5'10"

dark blonde hair

olive complexion

mole on left cheek

Disappeared

from Austin, Texas on March 10, 1967.

Please call 337-2623 if you have any info.



23 years old

140 pounds

blue eyes

broken front tooth (upper)

moles on left side of chin

and on body

## HELPFUL #s--CLIP AND SAVE

Seed	837 N. LaSalle	337-2623
Free City Survival Committee		
Yippie (temp.)		
Free News	1736 N. Cleveland	943-5980
Communications Co.		
Hip Job Co-op	240 W. Willow	822-0651
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W. Belden	LI9-1002
Youth Influx Prog.	1722 N. N. Park	664-1144
Headland	1250 N. Wells	664-4352
Lead Imports	2446 N. Lincoln	549-1059
Electric Theater	4812 N. Clark	SU4-1700
Triangle Prod.	211 E. Chicago	787-7585
Chicago Area	333 W. North	664-6895
Draft Resisters		
National Mob.	407 S. Dearborn	939-2666
Chicago Photo Co-op	" " "	939-2666
American Civil Liberties Union	6 S. Clark	236-5564
18th Distric Pol.	113 W. Chicago	WA2-4747
Central Lockup	11th & State	WA2-4747
Police Emergency	-----	PO5-1212
Audy Home (juven.)	2240 W. Roosevelt	633-2300
LSD RESCUE	-----	664-1422

## NEW HEAD SHOP ITEM



Dealer Inquiries Invited

## "MBIRA"

Afro Thumb-Piano \$15.00



7328 N. Honore St.  
Chicago, Illinois  
312-274-6543

# an open letter

The entire Yippie thing has become a Zen exercise, with no-leaders, a no-structure and a no-philosophy. It is my contention that--because there is no organization, no one vibration of purpose, and no real sign that the thing can come off as originally broadcast--IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE.

From the beginning, there have been two basic camps on what the Festival of Life is supposed to be. Movement rhetoric aside, these are the political and apolitical stances, with the basic division being geographical. Generally, the New York feeling is that Yippie is a golden opportunity to shit all over the Old Men, while the Chicago ethos, specifically that of the Free City Survival Committee, is that a Festival reflecting the "new culture" and that "alternate life style" can be carried off despite the choice of Convention Week as the time for fun and frolic (or were you naive enough to believe that the dates resulted from tossing an I Ching?).

As everyone rode the tidal waves of Lyndon's resignation, the "keep the Movement hopping" Paris Peace Talks and Kennedy's assassination, it became clearer and clearer that no-one left of Hubert the Hump had any idea of what was going on. Numerous phone conversations with Jerry and Abbie revolved around "what's happening", with mutual pontification and trend-predicting.

And there was also the specific "what's happenings" of money, the Chicago powers, the whole spectrum of getting our shit together and setting up the sub-structure required for any "unstructured" freak-group, ball-in, drug fest or what-have-you by the Lake. A bit of chronology.

With \$1000 of anonymous bread, Chicago Yippie began to exist in April. With the bust of its first meeting, Chicago Yip went broke and the Free City Survival Committee was formed as a response to both a potential summer of bullshit and a means of dealing with a wider range of problems than those directly associated with August: bail, the Man, runaways, etc. I wrote an open letter in the Seed to Daley asking about the circumstances surrounding the raid and his plans for dealing with X thousand freaks, and was contacted by a Deputy Mayor. Our first meeting was the night after the Chicago Police captured the Electric Theater during a Free City benefit.

We babbled around for two months. Deputy Mayor Stahl managed to make 60% of our scheduled tete-a-tetes, and arranged guided tours of Soldier's Field, Navy Pier and Lincoln Park. After much internal bickering, splits and redefinitions of purpose, we settled on the last as the site most consistent with the idea of a non-Amphitheater activity.

Surprisingly, the City isn't the only villain. They busted our first meeting, they heeded merchant outcries and harassed our people until a Bust-in made them back off, they raped the Theater. Yet they showed a willingness to negotiate when they realized that we were not broken. A clap clinic, a promise of meetings with (you should pardon the word) high police and health department officials, a supposed expedition of a permit request filed on July 15th, a general decision to put aside their hatred of us and attempt to head off a battle on a fourth (in addition to the blacks, the politicians and the outraged matrons for McCarthy) front.

Then why shouldn't there be a Festival? A few reasons why there can't be a Festival:

- Free City has \$25 in the bank, N.Y. Yippie is bereft of funds. Mythic phrases and freaky theater won't pay for instruction sheets, equipment and the thousand other things needed for a decent event.
- The political content of the Chicago and national scenes is so heavy that the Festival can be nothing other than political unless the ten biggest bands make immediate announcements promising to be in the Park for five days. A political event is not necessarily bad, and perhaps even necessary, but it is a black action if it involves masquerading as the Pied Piper of Peace.

cont. on page 23

## SEE THE U.S.A.

Chuck Matthei, a draft resister from Wilmette, was arrested June 9 in Wyoming for hitch-hiking. He was beaten very badly his 2nd day in jail, and may have permanent ear damage. When carried before the judge, Chuck was not asked to plead nor were the charges against him read. The judge was annoyed that Chuck had to be held by two policemen, and so he reached over his bench and slugged Chuck in the jaw. Chuck was given a six month sentence for hitch-hiking and resisting arrest.

Chuck was on a total waterfast for 12 days, and finally drank when death seemed imminent. He is now drinking and eating, although his vegetarian diet does not allow for much food in jail. He has been given no reading material, not even a Bible.

A 6 month sentence for hitch-hiking and resisting arrest is outrageous. Please send telegrams and letters asking for Chuck's immediate release. If you are a doctor, please call or write or send a telegram demanding a full medical examination, because Chuck undoubtedly has kidney damage due to his fast, and should receive proper care. It would be helpful to try to call Chuck person-to-person: 307-324-2776. Although he will most likely not be able to come to the phone, you will remind the prison officials that Chuck has a lot of support on the outside.

sheriff Charles Ogburn Carbon City Jail, Rawlins  
judge Edward Coppo " " " "  
governor Stanley Hathaway State House, Cheyenne  
--CADRE



scarf shirt \$26.00  
concho belt \$8.00  
faye dunaway dress \$32.00

1404 n.wells • chicago  
the garment district

# Feedback

Dear Seed,

You have restored my faith in Man. You have made me believe that there are really people who care to listen to others.

Thank you for your reply. I must ask forgiveness for my needless attack on your newspaper. I realize that there are lots of people with equal rights to hear & read what they want. I was just upset & needed an ear.

Thanks again. It was like being the last person on earth & suddenly finding out you're not alone. Much love & luck in the future -- don't stop the paper.

PRAY FOR PEACE

Donna Crimbring

Dear Donna,

Last night I was talking with a fourteen-year-old Mexican about helping us with a Spanish-language supplement (Mexicans are perhaps the most exploited group in the city) when a man of Anglo-Saxon appearance poked his head into the office and said with utmost rectitude "It's a shame that people like you can't be stopped from exposing kids to such filth." Filth, our staff artist, wiggled a bit and screamed "lame", I rapped some non sequitor about the shame of his tolerance.

We worked until midnight with nothing but the noises of LaSalle street and the typewriter for company. Every so often one of us would verbalize the prevailing vibration, and comment on the passerby's rap, and generalize to relations within and without our community.

We stumbled in after a few hours sleep, and went through the mail. Thank you. It would be nice if all of us could reach all of them and eradicate the categories of "us" and "them".

Dear Seed,

It is a funny thing how youth seems to branch out into two major ways of life. The main branch seems to fall directly into the establishment's ways, while the remaining number do not wish any part of it or any other strict form of living standards. Instead, they prefer to set their own, individual way of life, seeking and finding out what this great world is really about.

So now we have the new establishment and the new beat or hippy generation. They will laugh and ridicule us, and we will put them down for their ignorance and stupidity.

They say that today's beats, hippies, yuppies, are looking for something and trying to lose themselves from the vicious and cruel establishment that surrounds them.

It's up to you and you alone. You can follow almost any course of life. You want. The easiest is to become the stereotype of this nation, a person who thinks, works, and acts in the accepted manner. Or you can become a free person, one who is, does, and lives a completely free life. Just doing, being, and receiving into yourself all the beauty that is there right in front of your eyes. To attain this, you will have to work hard at being a free person, but the payoff is worth it. You will constantly be hassled and pushed by Society, and many times you will ask yourself, "just what am I here for?"

As a free person, you may not get everything you want out of life. But whatever you do get, you will enjoy twice as much.

It's your world now. Let it live just a little longer.

Casey

Seed Editors

Brothers,

Drop City is moving. Our present location is too small, too accessible, the land unsuitable for farming. We have become too well known. Without water, farmable land or forests to expand into we are unable to become self-sufficient; we find our physical and spiritual development hampered.

Would you please print this letter in the hope that someone would donate land or money to buy land to move our community into.

Love,  
The Droppers  
Drop City  
Rt 1, Box 125  
Trinidad, Col. 81082

## THE SEED NEEDS

1. An office manager, good with figures, possessing infinite patience, and willing to work forever at \$1.50/hr.
2. A super-typist, familiar with an IBM executive-face electric, willing to do a million other things, and into a freak structure. Salary negotiable.
3. Some sort of ventilation system (air conditioners, anyone).
4. Office supplies, ranging from paper to typewriters--no questions asked.
5. Vehicles (cars?) in decent running condition.
6. An addressograph. Old Nellie has seen her last.
7. Stereo equipment.
8. Something to sleep on, needed especially for the various convention periods.
9. Helpers, campus distributors and your love and support.

## A MATTER OF PREFERENCE

Brother Seed,

I am not a full time hippy, just a weekend drop out. I believe that love, peace, the American Flag, apple pie & Mother are groovy, but they're not what we're looking for. I think that our people need God, not flowers. We are all trying to reach a goal every time we trip or smoke. But what is our goal?? Instead of looking for a groovy color trip why not think about what we are her for (on this earth). Why not meditate on Christ's life and His purpose for being born--to make all men free. We don't need yoga or Buddha or the Maharishi. Why spend money supporting people who are no more a god than we are? We should all join together and to mass or services together as one on the Lord's Day (Sunday). Give your money to the church, the first teacher of peace & God's teaching. Maybe then we can communicate with mankind and show them that our people (Hippies) are good. Don't waste your time with self-appointed prophets. You're making them rich while God the Son was poor. We need a church that would serve all people (Hippies & straights). Think of the joy we could share by giving our money to feed the poor, not the rich. I am sure the rich can live without our help, but how about the starving children right here in this country who never see what life is like because they are sick from hunger? So next our group turns on, tune in to what I have said. Try to help those by attending mass or services in a group next Sunday and give to the poor so our great society doesn't drown in the filth & corruption that our great political leaders are taking us to for we are not flower children, we are GOD'S CHILDREN.

With Great Love,  
Dick Remp

P.S. We do need God more than acid & reefer.

That's your trip. But many people feel that the church has forgotten the poor. A church with dress regulations, a church that is a foreign force in "its" community, a church that hides behind walls instead of going out into the streets, a church that welcomes antisocial persons because they grease the collection plate--such a (vested) institution is a bummer rather than a center for goodness.

I am looking for love, peace and such 'trivia'.

I do not wish to challenge your beliefs. It is sufficient that they work for you. My view is that you, we, I, whoever need God because you, etc. are/is God. We all, collectively and individually, are part of the same oneness.

End of metaphysic.

## A FEW WORDS ON THE EFFICIENCY OF THE CHICAGO POLICE

A friend and I were traveling down Wells Street in my trusty Corvair when we encountered a minor traffic jam. Getting to the cause of it all, we discovered two squads parked in the middle of the street, a paddy-wagon on the left, and multitudes of fuzz swarming about. Having a hell of a time finding a parking space, and not being to familiar with the area, we ended up somewhere in the vicinity of Scott and Sedgwick. By the time we walked back to Wells the "disturbance" was over, but there was still a ridiculous number of cops floating around. We then went about our business, buying a couple of albums, a Seed and other miscellaneous pieces of shit. Eventually, it was time to split, so we began to walk back to the car. On the way, I noticed there was a group of youths ahead of us standing in front of a tavern. Nonviolent person that I am, I really didn't think much of it, but the black brothers descended on us like Apaches, demanding money and uttering clever remarks like "Do you value your life?" Now we spent at least twenty minutes trying to talk our way out, and only lost \$8 in the process. Question--where in the hell were the shitass police at? Answer--Watching tourists in Old Town. Question--Why were the police watching tourists in Old Town? Answer--It's safer.

Paul Smith

Last night I was summoned to the Eighteenth District to bond out the bane of the Old Town detachment, Steve Mrvos, brother of Old Town. Seems Steve's old lady had just entered a car when three kids came up and asked the driver for a quarter. He demurred, they attempted to force the doors, and Rita split out the far side to hip Steve to what was going down. The threesome pounced upon her, fought for her purse, and dragged her a bit. Steve came running out of the store, saw the assailants splitting down the street, and hid his way to a police car parked across the street. The conversation went something like the following:

Steve--"My fiancée's just been attacked. There they go!"

Officer--"Can you give me some particulars?"

Steve--"There they go! Why don't you go after them?"

Officer--"Well, we'll need more information."

At this point, Steve blew his cool and employed some old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon phrases to express his viewpoint of police activity. A bust for disorderly conduct followed.

Today, they "busted" Clarence, Steve's dog, after Steve complained that some kid had thrown a bottle at Wells Street's favorite dog.

# CRASH INTO MAD

BY AL ROSENFELD...



Ronald Nelson

Mama! Mama!  
Someone said they made some noise  
The cops have shot some girls and  
boys...  
Cop kill a creep! pow pow pow  
("We're Only In It  
For the Money"  
Mothers of Invention)

June fourth was warm and clean, and it was about ten o'clock when Ron Nelson and Steve Austill arrived at Franksville in the hope of finding someone to help them fix a flat tire. It had been a long walk from Ashland and Bellplaine, so they sat down at a bench facing Addison St. They would have gone unnoticed among the crowd of youths who frequent the near north hot dog stand: two more kids with nothing to do but sit and rap, with nowhere to meet except a gravel parking lot. They would have gone their way had it not been for Ben Citron. Ben Citron owns Franksville. Ben Citron doesn't like kids who just hang around, even if they don't bother anyone. Ben Citron knew Ron Nelson: he'd had him busted a while back. Ben Citron called the Man.

John Ahrens is in the Army. He spends most of the week at Sheridan, then comes in to see his friends. John had a pass June fourth, and he and Noel Kitchen drove into the lot behind the Ville.

The Man arrived in the form of one Richard Nuccio (star #10971) and his partner, Kenneth Hyatt (star # 4971) both of whom work out of the Tactical Division of the Town Hall (19th District) Station. Rich was well known in the Lake View Community. He had threatened many of the lives of its citizens. On that night, one of those casual threats became a reality.

Upon observing the squad car, Austill walked to the corner of Addison and Clark and sat down at a bench by the bus stop. His arrest came forthwith. In the lot to the rear, Nuccio approached John Ahrens.

"Where ya going?"

"Nowhere", replied Ahrens.

"Well, let's see what you got."

Nuccio began his unwarranted search of Ahrens while, to the front on the Ville, Ron Nelson made the final mistake of his short life. He ran. He ran because Ben Citron pointed at him and screamed, "He's the one!" He ran out of fear of the cop who had brutalized him many times before. Ron was an athlete, and he ran like an athlete down the alley behind the Ville. Officer Hyatt pursued. Ron Nelson never looked



Officer Richard Nuccio

back. "Stop him!", cried Hyatt. "Stop him!"

Rich Nuccio left Ahrens, took one step, drew his gun, took three additional steps in the direction of Ron's flight, and then, without a word of warning, shot him the back from approximately sixty feet.

Nuccio tried vainly to get Nelson to his feet. Then, for no apparent reason, he grabbed his victim's arm and dragged him 30 or so feet down the alley. Steve Austill, still under arrest, reached the side of his wounded companion in time to hear Nuccio laughing. "I shot the punk in the ass." His pleas for an ambulance fell on deaf ears. A paddy wagon arrived, and Nuccio and Hyatt lifted Nelson by his hands and feet and dumped him in the back of the wagon.

"He told me to tell his mother that he was sorry", said Austill.

Ron Nelson would never be put up against the wall again. He died soon after his arrival at the American Hospital. Ron Nelson was 19 years old.

Steve Austill was charged with criminal trespass and disorderly conduct. Bail \$2000. "It's just a cover-up story to give the shooting credibility."--Mike Close, Austill's attorney.

The Chicago Tribune went to great lengths to portray Rich Nuccio as the family man cop with 13 department commendations. "Nelson", says Nuccio, "turned in full flight and attempted to throw a knife, causing him (Nuccio) to drop to the ground and fire from a crouching position." Nine eye witnesses have given accounts contradictory to those of both Nuccio and Citron (who said that he called the police after observing Nelson at a table "playing with a knife.") They say that Nelson ran in a "straight line" and never interrupted his flight to turn for any reason, that Nuccio took deliberate aim and fired at the fleeing Nelson from a standing position.

"Ronnie never carried any kind of weapon", says Sylvia Londis, Nelson's girl. "He never thought he needed one. Ron told me he couldn't get busted anymore because he wouldn't be able to get in the Army. That's why he must have run."

If this be so, then Town Hall has eliminated the function of judge and jury and placed the community in the position of a 19th century cow-town.

## RICH NUCCIO AS MAD DOG

"It is legitimate to argue that at least as important as the fact of impartial justice, is the image of justice in a community..."

John A. Hannah, Chairman, U.S. Civil Rights Commission (1962)

"They (Rich Nuccio and Ken South) brought Ronnie down to the Bridal Path and took his shoes and socks and left him there. They were new shoes. They told him that they would get him sooner or later. When he went home his mother called the Police Department to complain. They denied it and swore at her. He never got his shoes back."-----Sylvia Londis.

"I have seen, in the 'lock-up' at Town Hall, Rich Nuccio take a knife (his own) and cut down a boy's arm. I have seen him chain a kid to the bars and beat him with cuffs."---Steve Austill.

"They took my son 'Moe', and when he asked to call me they said 'you don't need a phone call, you illegitimate bastard. Moe is 18.'"

-----Mrs. Cathlene Gilfillan.

"We were at a party and the police came and Nuccio was there. The first thing he did was bring me in a corner and say, 'If you don't tell me where the beer came from, your boyfriend's gonna hurt bad.'"

-----Sylvia Londis.

"Rich Nuccio stops and searches me every time he sees me. I've never had anything on me that was against the law. I also asked why he always was stopping me and he said 'I'll get you one of these days.' I asked him to stop searching me every time he saw me. He has drawn his gun on me a number of times."---Name withheld.

"I have heard Rich Nuccio call Ron's girlfriend vulgar names and say that he has made love to her to try and get Ron to say something so he could beat his brains out. I have also seen him put a loaded gun to Ron's head and threaten his life."-----Steve Austill.

Walked into the courtroom

I know its gonna bring me harm  
A big fat representative of justice  
And the prosecutor began to frown  
Murder in my heart for the Judge  
Mean old judge wouldn't budge  
I've got murder in my heart for the  
judge.

(Moby Grape)

It would appear that Rich Nuccio's gun spends



more time out of leather than in it. On March fourth Albert Gill, age 32, observed two men in plain clothes exit from a car on the 2800 block of Clybourn. This day was no different than any other. Scores of children were playing about the Project complex. About this same time Darrel Hardwick, a 16-year-old Negro, had just finished playing basketball behind one of the box-like buildings which line the block. He was walking up the alley when he saw a man approach him with a gun in his hand. Darrel turned tail and run. The man gave chase. Gill had been following the man and heard a shot as he turned the corner into the alley.

"You'll get in trouble if you shoot that kid!", shouted Gill.

The man turned and walked toward Gill, pointing the gun at him all the while. "I could have killed you if I wanted to", said the man. The man (in case you haven't guessed) was Officer Richard Nuccio, who rapidly searched Gill and found a knife. Gill told Nuccio that he used the knife in his job as a gravedigger at the Irving Park Cemetery, but his story was not accepted. He was arrested and charged with 'interfering with an officer' and 'possession of an illegal weapon'.

On June 27, Albert Gill went before Magistrate Frank S. LoVerde. LoVerde seemed anxious to dispose of the case, since Gill's two previous appearances had been continued when his lawyer had failed to show. LoVerde's rhetoric took on the tone of 'Justice Be Damned'. "Here it is June and this happened in March. We must dispose of it today. Is there a lawyer in this court?"

You could have picked the bad vibes out of the air. "You. Counselor.", said LoVerde. "I appoint you counsel for this man." I advised Gill that the only way he could expect a just decision was to go before a jury; he didn't listen. "Counselor, withdraw to the rear of the room and confer with your client. There will be a short recess, after which we shall dispose of this matter."

The relationship between Albert Gill and Marshall I. Teichner, Attorney at Law, was brief and unrewarding. Teichner did about as good a job defending Gill as anybody could have with fifteen minutes of preparation time. Attorney Teichner gave Nuccio a run for his money with cross examination, but Gill was found guilty and sentenced to two years probation.

The entire proceeding reeked of 'reversible error', leaving Gill with valid grounds for appeal. Unfortunately for him, the absence of a court reporter meant that there was no transcript of what went down, making appeal impossible.

Following the trial, I asked Teichner if it would not have been fairer to Gill had he refused his appointment on the grounds that he could not be effective counsel with so little conference time. His reply was shocking. He said, "Well, you see, I do some criminal work (thank God for that) and it's never a good idea to get on the bad side of a Judge."

I accuse Magistrate LoVerde with knowledge of Gill's inadequate counsel and Attorney Teichner of being a senseless fool.

"Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth."-----Daniel Webster.

"Sorry, Dan."-----Al Rosenfeld.

"The passions are the only orators that always persuade; they are...a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man with passion is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it."-----La Rochefoucauld

Community interest in the Nelson case was gaining momentum by the hour. The fact that Nuccio was still on duty, carrying the same gun that had cut short the life of a nineteen-year-old boy, in addition to rumors about IID whitewashing, led church groups and other local organizations to initiate plans for adequate investigation of the tragedy.

The State's Attorney had initiated an investigation after receiving the findings of the IID. Asst. Attorney Tom Tully, under orders from Criminal Division Chief Patrick Tuite, questioned each of the witnesses under the auspices of attorney Close. As of July 19th, the results remain classified. Attorney Close--"No one is bound by the findings of a Coroner's Inquest. However, it is up to the community to exert whatever power it can on the existing investigating bodies, preferably before the 24th (the inquest date)."

The community responded by inviting all concerned citizens to the Board Meeting of the Lake View Citizens Council on July 11th. A leaflet demanded that the Council sponsor public hearings to present the facts of the case to the community. The LVCC requested that Nuccio be taken off duty and indicted for murder "like any other citizen."

The tiny elementary school cafeteria was filled beyond listed capacity. Outraged mothers, scared by their offsprings' difficulties with Nuccio; kids in their teens, concerned members of the community, the majority gifted with only basic verbal skills, all with something to say.

The meeting opened like a stage version of Roberts' Rules of Order. A resolution was read, then an argument ensued concerning its language. Chaos reigned on the floor. Mr. Bish jumped up to tell how his son had been arrested on the way to the meeting because he possessed the leaflet "WE DON'T LIKE THE NELSON KILLING". They wouldn't let him speak. Now everyone wanted the floor. One board member moved that the meeting be opened to all present. The motion was passed.

The board heard a diverse cross-section of the community, which made no bones about expressing their distaste for Town Hall and Commander Fahey.

"I think it's a disgrace that these people impeach the integrity of a man with a record like that of the Commander", said Lawyer Jerry Levitino. Fahey, present and seated at the board table, looked straight ahead, his face devoid of expression. "Look at Nuccio's record!", cried someone. "It makes him look like a saint." The crowd rallied in vociferous agreement. Levitino sat down.

Next on the floor was Ralla Klepak, counsel for the Nelsons. She and attorney Elmer Gertz have filed three suits on their behalf against both Nuccio and the City of Chicago, two in state court for wrongful death and deliberate infliction of suffering (\$250,000 each), one in Federal Court under the Civil Rights Statute (\$350,000). She stated that Mrs. Nelson, Ron's mother, had received a letter saying that she would not be informed as to the date of the inquest. She went on to say that on numerous occasions friends of the Nelsons have called the IID and the Morgue--to no avail.

What the participants lacked in articulation they made up in emotion. Then came the kicker.

"What we need here", said Herb Lowinger,

member of the board, "is a different approach. This resolution will make great wallpaper if we print enough of them. We must look to the youth and their parents, who have come here to ask for help.

A greatly moved body resolved itself: WHEREAS A 20 YEAR OLD YOUTH (the age error is their's) WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY A POLICEMAN IN THE LAKEVIEW COMMUNITY UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE OPENED DOUBT AS TO THE JUSTIFIABILITY OF THIS ACT, AND

WHEREAS THE LAKEVIEW CITIZENS COUNCIL, IN ITS UNFLAGGING SUPPORT OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, IS EQUALLY CONCERNED THAT ANY ABUSE OF POLICE AUTHORITY BY AN INDIVIDUAL OFFICER BE VIGOROUSLY DEALT WITH SO THAT THE PEOPLE, AND ESPECIALLY THE YOUTH, OF OUR COMMUNITY MAY BE JUSTIFIED IN THEIR RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER

BE IT RESOLVED THAT THE HUMAN RELATIONS COMMITTEE, THE YOUTH COMMITTEE, AND THE CITY SERVICES COMMITTEE OF THE LVCC ARE DIRECTED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO HOLD PUBLIC HEARINGS WITHIN FOURTEEN DAYS, COVERING POLICE-COMMUNITY RELATIONS IN GENERAL AND THE RECENT NELSON TRAGEDY: THAT THE COMMITTEE BE AUTHORIZED TO EXPEND UP TO \$100 TO CONTACT THE STATE'S ATTORNEY, THE IID, AND THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

The public hearing has been set for July 22nd. Meanwhile, Nelson's friends (the witnesses) are being busted right and left on trumped-up charges ranging from disorderly conduct to battery. The results of the public hearing and the coroner's inquest will be in the next issue of the Seed.

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# POLITICAL FORUM

## LOUIS ABOLAFIA

Louis Abolafia has been running for the presidency for almost one-and-one-half years. Unfortunately, he will probably still be running after the elections. In spite of his rather dim chances for election, the Lower East Side of New York's very own presidential hopeful has workers all over the country, and has been written up in such unlikely places as The Washington Post and Pravda.

"I have nothing to hide," says Abolafia, but he has plenty to offer. Proposing a nation built on love, an end to violence and immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam, Abolafia is running on what his supporters call "The Love Ticket".

His campaigns are hardly as boring as those of his opponents. Usually taking place at be-ins, peace demonstrations, or just spontaneously, they are highlighted by Abolafia's antics. He is aided by his girlfriend and running mate, Marilyn Kyman, and his personal troubador, Steve Keith.

His campaign workers share his enthusiasm and optimism. One of them, an incredibly spaced chick who I met at the October 21st demonstration, told me: "It's unbelievable--fantastic! We've had letters from all over the country. Some of them only had 'Louis' written on the envelope and still got to us! Don't you worry, Louis'll be in the Lavender House in November!"

Needless to say, none of the other political candidates have taken Abolafia's campaign too seriously. Too bad. They might learn something.

## YOURSELF

Seriously consider for the moment the prospect of running yourself for president. Yeah, you, any one of you out there in newspaperland. After all, the pay's not bad, and think of all the prestige you'll get!

What's the matter? You think you're not qualified for the job? That's fine! This country has never had a president who was actually qualified for his job--the few who might have been were all assassinated before they had a chance to do anything. In fact, the more inept you are, the more likely you are to remain on top. It's the grand old American tradition of "nobody likes a smartass." The Military and Big Business, the real controlling factions in this country, don't want a leader, they want someone they can manipulate. And besides, we're in such bad shape as it is, almost anything you might do would be an improvement.

No, "qualifications" in the ordinary sense of the word are out of the question. What does it take, then, to become president of these United States? Looking back through our history, we find that:

a. You must have a fantastic amount of money for which you did absolutely nothing during your lifetime to earn.

b. You must have been a general in a previous war (or life) having little or nothing to do with our national security, given credit for victory only because you had nothing to do with it, and thus could not be held responsible for fucking up.

c. You must be adept at saying one thing

before you are elected and doing the exact opposite once you are in office (a common political practice today, known as "bald-faced lying").

Above and beyond all this, however, you must be an honest advocate and living representative of everything that makes America what it is today: blind, vicious hatred of anything differing from the accepted norm; adherence to outdated symbols such as Mom, apple pie, or the Flag (which were meaningless to begin with); and rabid direction of every one of your life processes toward the pursuit of profit and the accumulation of materials, disregarding the fact that it may involve lives of starvation and misery for countless others, injustice, degradation, or mass genocide.

Do you fit any of these qualifications? You probably do. If not, why would you even want to be president in the first place? You're on an incredible power trip, that's why. You want to put everyone on your own super-bummer. You want to run other people's lives because you're too scared and too fucked-up to run your own. Yeah, you'll make an excellent candidate for president. You're a perfect American. You make me sick.

## NOBODY

Look, we've had thirty-something of these guys bossing us around (I'm not sure of the exact number because they've got a habit of counting one clown twice) and what do we have? War, racism, assassinations, bullshit galore. Who needs another speechmaker?

The practicality of nobody as President is obvious when we consider the following:

a. There would be one less major target in the shooting gallery. Since no President means that everybody is President (well, in a way), all the gun freaks might knock each other off. Or they might even get paranoid and hand them in.

b. Since the Presidency is one of the nation's prime sources of lies and whitewashing, the absence of a tripe-monger would clear the air of a significant amount of verbal pollution.

c. Putting down people is bad for your karma. If there was no President, a major impediment to getting off the Wheel would be removed.

d. The empty buildings could be razed, all alleviating Washington's parking problem.

e. America is the world's A Number One rigid nation. Let's shape up, let's show them gooks and blackies and frogs and limies and third-worlders and Commies that we're the thinking man's country. It would be a welcome relief for them to see us flex our flexibility instead of our muscles.

f. Remember the *Odyssey*? The part where Ulysses fools the Cyclops by replying "No-man."? Think of the diplomatic advantages if the United States had the same thing going in the international arena.

If you still feel that someone has to be President because that's what the Constitution says and it would upset everyone and, well, that's how it's been done for years, if you still feel that way, then how about nominating Dr. Strange. He could disincorporate and-- be a nobody.

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## PIGASUS

Pigasus seems to be the best possible candidate that's been offered in this coming election. He outlines his platform in one word--PIGSHIT. His platform differs very little from all of the other candidates, except that he's up front about it. The others all use words like "peace", "freedom" and "racial equality", which really mean pigshit when they're used in a political context.

I remember being at the Yippie nominating convention, in February of this year, when Pigasus made his now-famous speech before the convened body... "This country has always been run on the principles of garbage, and who knows more about this than myself?" (This brought the convention to its feet for ten minutes of thundering applause.) "I promise to uphold these American principles if elected to the office of President of these United States." (More loud whistles and thunderous applause.)

At this point YIP-freaks Jerry Rubin and Ed Sanders jumped onto the stage and shouted in unison (with a little dance accompanied by a 42 piece orchestra) "We now give you the next President of the United States.... Pigasus!" The crowd went crazy; people were dancing & singing in the aisles. I have to admit that, for the first time in my history as a reporter tears welled-up in my eyes. I had truly seen and heard the greatest politician of my life.

After the speeches and hand-shaking, several of us retired for dinner, drinks and cigars. We spoke of a lot of things, but one point sticks in my mind, even, 5 months later. When I asked Hugh Romney (Pigasus' campaign manager) how the campaign was going, he replied "Well, he (our candidate) now weighs 100 pounds." This is good news, really good news because if Pigasus can't maintain the standard that has been set by his predecessors we can always eat him.

I'm voting for the people's candidate in November-----Pigasus-----

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cont. from page 6

# DICK GREGORY

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to introduce presidential candidate Dick Gregory."

Mr. Gregory, what is your view of politics?"

"Politics is the art of compromise... The statesman, on the other hand, flexes his mind in time of crisis."

"Is your candidacy a refutation of the two-party system?"

"The only real choice possible in 1964 was to exercise the constitutional right not to vote."

"What is the nation's number one problem?"

"Moral pollution."

"What is your view on violence?"

"Though I am committed to nonviolence, I do not force my philosophy on anyone else... Nonviolence means we are not supposed to be violent under any circumstances, anywhere in the world."

"But I am sure that you support our effort to bring freedom to the Vietnamese."

"The free man is the man with no fear... If white folks will burn an entire country to free a foreigner, who knows what they will do to free themselves?"

"There has been some talk of black reluctance to participate in the war. Is there any truth to this?"

"If I lost my life in Vietnam fighting for my country, the federal government would give my wife \$10,000. Yet she could not take that \$10,000 and make a down payment on a house in any neighborhood of her own choosing."

"Well! What are your qualifications for office?"

"The one basic qualification for the Presidency, which the Constitution does not mention... is a sensitivity to human need... During the 1965 uprising in Watts, I was shot... a lasting reminder of the sorrow of the actions of insensitive politicians."

"You were shot! Ah, um, then may I hazard to guess that you have some familiarity with, ah, crime in the streets?"

"Crime in the streets is America's new way of saying 'nigger'... If black folks took over the crime syndicate, it would be wiped out in a week... The demand for law and order at home should be matched by a respect for law and order abroad."

"But racism is a problem confined to certain sectors of the country."

"Americans must wake up and realize that we are the most racist country in the world."

"But you can't possibly endorse the polemics of Msrs. Carmichael and Brown?"

"White America is the tiger and black America is the cricket. All... (they)... did was to get in the ear of white America and make some noise. If America demands nonviolence but fails to practice it, she will surely die."

"But what about riots?"

"After the revolt in Detroit, I was hoping that the government would prove to all black folks that rioting is self-destructive... I was hoping the government would reach out a hand to the Indian reservations and set my red brother free, because he has not been rioting and yet his cause is just."

The admission that riots have helped the black cause is a shameful mark of America's insanity. After Detroit... the Ford Motor Company hired 6,000 Negroes in two days... Henry Ford thought-don't scorch the Mustangs, baby."

"Well, given your background your position can be accepted. But you surely condemn the recent student uprisings."

"Young people know that this country is on fire and they have no intention of sleeping through the moral revolution."

"What would you do if elected?"

"I will set aside... one-half my Presidential

salary... and \$10,000 for every Senator and Congressman... to be offered as a reward for any information leading to... arrest and conviction for wrongdoing in office..."

An excess-profits tax..."

I would bring the CIA home for awhile..."

I will seek the repeal of the McCarran Act and... will encourage people to use the concentration camps for picnics and barbecues on national holidays..."

I will demand a thorough review of all existing treaties with Indian Americans..."

(After) eliminating the last vestige of molesting the Vietnamese family... I will talk personally to Ho Chi Minh... to replace violence with kindness. I will seek to conduct a massive program of rebuilding..."

I will institute a national campaign of citizen respect... National Citizens Day would be a giant love-in..."

All public housing... should emphasize imagination and creativity..."

The cop has the most important and demanding job in America today... I will propose federal legislation requiring the starting salary for cops in large cities to be a minimum of \$10,000 a year... Training and retraining will emphasize developing skills in human relationships... The more knowledge the cop has, the less he will have to rely upon his night stick and gun... Every effort must be made to overcome the breakdown in communications between the cop and the man in the street..."

Correctional institutions confining juvenile offenders... made into houses of invention..."

The role of the judge should be raised to the highest moral plane..."

A lot of people ask me what is the first thing I would do... I would paint the White House Black."

"Well, (thank god, this crazy man hasn't a chance), our time has run out. Do you have any parting thoughts?"

"Reagan spelled backwards is nigger."

(All statements attributed to Mr. Gregory are from his new book, *Write Me In*, available for \$0.95 from Bantam Press, 271 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.)

# LESTER MADDOX

America's fergettin' her European tradition. She's fergettin' Hitler and Mussolini and Atilla; book-burnings and concentration camps and mass killings. Folks, let's bring back the good old days, let's all get behind Lester Maddox.

George Wallace sold out by goin' and lecturin' up North. When them damn nigger-lovers attacked him, it served him right. But we all know what ole Lester would have done. With his trusty axe-handle, he would have shown them slickers what America is all about.

When the darkies get uppity, all them sissies in Chicaga and New York get afeard. Sure they made high-fallutin' speeches about "shootin' to kill" and "law and order", but they waited for twelve hours before callin' in the troops. What did Ole Les do when they buried that preacher King? He issued an order right from the governor's mansion to "shoot them down and stack them up like cordwood" if any marchers tried to come into the capitol of the sovereign state of Georgia, why, he had them troops there before the marchers even got to the city.

And Ole Les don't forget who his friends are. There's a rumor goin' around some big paper in Chicago that back in '62 he had some klaxons and kleagles come out for his opponent in the run-off. That Peter Geer sure was embarrassed. But I'll bet a barrel of buckshot that nuthin's come between Les and the Klan since then.

America needs a man who remembers his friends, America needs an intelligent soul who knows all about Western culture, America needs a man who can still find time to run a store while tending to all them big chores in the State House. Lester Maddox, you're our boy.

Sorry 'bout that, didn't mean to call you boy.

## CHAMP REACTION



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# Reviews



**THE SIERRA CLUB WILDERNESS HANDBOOK**, edited by David Brower. New York, Ballantine Books, \$0.75.

If you have ever driven along mile after mile of beautiful countryside and looked for a place without a "No Trespassing" sign you can appreciate the efforts of Sierra Club to rescue what is left of our natural landscape.

Sierra Club believes that we all have a stake in preserving scenic beauty and natural environment, and it backs those beliefs with enthusiastic support from its members and volunteers. The principal stimulus for all this interest comes from direct knowledge of our natural riches.

The first part of the book presents a little of the history of the Club as well as some deserved propaganda. It relates, for example, how Sierra Club saved Yosemite, King's Canyon, Sequoia and the Cascades (Oregon and Washington) from the rape of "some too-enterprising men of commerce."

The latest achievement of the Sierra Club has been to prevent the Bureau of Reclamation from building dams in the Grand Canyon. This latest fight has brought the wrath of the government against them, and, in retaliation, the Internal Revenue Service is trying to take away their tax-exempt status.

Another battle is waged over the redwoods, and Sierra Club is leading the fight to save these time-honored California trees. The U.S. House of Representatives has just passed a catastrophic bill which offers up most of the woodland to the ravages of the logging industries, retaining but a Lilliputian-sized park.

Back to the book. It includes sensible information about clothing, hiking, sanitation, equipment, food, cooking and field medicine. The Handbook is ripe with information about where to buy supplies, with pro and con arguments presented about the



various gear.

There is inadvertent camp in the point that traffic lights are now being installed in some of our national parks. If the irony of over-crowding depresses you, Sierra Club has this suggestion: the crowd diminishes according to the square of the distance from the highway and the cube of the elevation above. In other words, the farther and higher you get from the road, the more likely you are to find privacy.

With Sierra Club's help you can take advantage of the backwoods of our National Parks. Sierra Club has many organized field trips for beginners and tenderfeet (as well as for families and singles), but trips are limited to fee-paying members. More information about Sierra Club and its outings can be obtained by writing to Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, California 94104. Ask for brochures on "Wilderness Outings" and the Sierra Club Bulletin.

DENNIS VAN TASSEL

## SITAR FROM INDIA

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Look at the cover of the Spirit album. It's a composite face, formed by parts of each member's face. Notice that the fragments are not fused; thin lines are visible between each segment. Neither is the music of the Spirit fused. No wall of sound; no tight beam of music/noise/blast.

That was the conclusion I reached after my first couple of hearings of their album (oh well, if you MUST know, it's Ode Z12-44004). Then I caught them in person at the Theater, and the whole theory went down the drain.

On the album, they're proficient and imaginative; in person, they're proficient, imaginative, heavy and tight. On the record they are five musicians; live they are a five-man GROUP. The collective vibe comes through strong and clear, and spreads to the audience, welding all into playing/digging. Good heads are good heads, no matter which they're doing.

The album doesn't showcase any of the individual talents in the group; only after living a live performance did I realize what I'd missed. Randy California on lead guitar is versatile and creative, with an amazingly smooth style that defies rock comparisons and whispers Jazz. Drummer Ed Cassidy emerges from the vinyl shadows as a dynamic and individual style combining jazz tempo and pure rock power. Each member is, for that matter, both individual in style and jazzy in approach. The group's long solo piece, "Elijah", is a rock theme overlaid with jazz breaks on all the instruments, and, if you're into avant-garde jazz, it's really dynamite.

Even the vocal work is startlingly different live than on the album. Jay Ferguson's voice, in person clear and commanding, comes out of the studio fairly weak, and often unintelligible.

The album is very nice, though, despite the occasional lack of drive. Listen for "Straight Arrow", an innocent/sarcastic dump on the moralizers, "Water Woman", an English ballad thing, very pleasing to listen to; and "Uncle Jack", a piece of good hard rock. And if you like the album, you'll love 'em on stage.

Elvis

## EGO TRIP

July fourth, and a lovely pink way to begin it at five or so. Turn your back on the window and roll over to sleep again on the far side. Wake. Trauma. Grey skies and tears for breakfast. Feeling stoned constantly though, body unsullied by any save natural chemicals. Over on Clark Street we sit in a restaurant and watch the people from the Clayton Hotel (which is actually an out-patient halfway house for patients of Chicago State, complete with resident doctor and nurse). Many thoughts of Alan Bates in his WW I uniform with the beautiful, gentle, mad people dancing around him in "King of Hearts". Who is from the Clayton and who is not? After a while, it becomes impossible to tell. We may enter as a half-way house toward madness rather than away from it. You, my twin, sit across the table and ask why I never write about love, and I say, "Because I don't wish to tell it all." Pain. Struggle. I am an onion, all layers, and in trying to strip away the layers to get to the (nonexistent) core, I become smaller and smaller. Remember the Incredible Shrinking Man? In the end, he went forth boldly (it being the only thing he could do) to meet the heart of things.

We wander through the Conservatory, the jungle enclosing us safe in green, safe in a diamond house. Recollections of tripping: standing in the lobby as Jer runs up the path holding aloft a torch of cotton candy. But that was last year. Now to the polar bears, whose power would crush you in a minute. Behind the bars, they are cute. Unoriginal thought of "It's all happening at the zoo?"

Chapter Two or Three begins as I pick up the kids and take them over to the love-in. Music. Ooh, I'm stoned on nothing. An American flag draped about me, baby in my arms, I am Motherhood and Flag-but, due to lack of apple pies and the fact that she represents LOVE, Lily White wins the beauty contest. She tells me later it's because she was the only one wearing a dress. She's very large on "women dress-like women." I myself don't feel any less womanly in trousers, but Lily does have a lot to say. When I ask her what to do about everything, she says "love God and do as you please." Thank you, Lily. I'll try, and maybe I'll make it (even in trousers).

In general, a nice day, with lots of music, a play (Chicago City Players--"It's Almost Like Being..."), readings from Kahlil Gibran (although Gibran is at times sophomoric, he can't be beat on the subject of love: "If you would know love's happiness but not its pain, you had best cover your nakedness and retire from his thrashing-floor to the seasonless world where you will laugh, but not all your laughter, and you will weep, but not all your tears."--probably misquoted, forgive me.)

Oh, aye, she said, I have a secret sorrow which gnaws at my heart. And wouldst thou, stranger, know of it? 'Tis just that I feel myself going insane, and I know that I have to go into and through the whole miserable thing in order to come out the other side. It is not easy making yourself into your own home base rather than depending on someone else to be your sun.

The park is only incidental. I am only incidental/accidental/sentimental. Empty. Don't tell me to smile: my style is to suffer and to suffer hugely. Posture gigantic/narcissistic/inwardly fearful/disillusioned with my poses but ever illusioned anew.

And I'm not even high anymore...

Valerie

# ACID ROCK AND REVOLUTION PART II

What happens when you listen to rock under the influence of a psychedelic?

Well, for one thing the music slows down--as potheads have traditionally said, "it spaces out." Second, the words become much more important, they become much clearer. Third, the meaning begins to "resonate," it links up with your life, you begin to see the universal in the particular and vice versa. Whether this is due to "the synapses transmitting simultaneously" or to "getting into the mind of God" (there are several theories) the message begins to get through much more definitely... while the sounds become more melodious. To put the total change briefly, what occurs is the transformation of what appears primarily to be "good-time" music (on the ordinary level of perception) into a kind of "melodious Bible."

When someone is under the influence of a strong psychedelic like LSD, this change can be quite dramatic--if you think of the mind as a computer, he really seems to get plugged into his conviction centers. But even with grass the difference in hearing may be striking. If you ask a pothead who has listened to "Sgt. Pepper" while high what the album's like after smoking grass, he's likely to respond by telling you how with pot "you can get down and take a look at what's happening between notes," or how suddenly all the words seemed aimed directly at him. Here's what a friend, a college teacher, reported after he tried the experiment:

I never really heard "Sgt. Pepper" until the other night, although of course I'd heard it many times. It took me a while to get on to the record, and now I can't believe I wasn't tuned in on it earlier. It was a qualitatively different thing, in that I got the feeling that the whole record was calculated to flip you onto a new level. At a certain point it became two entirely different things.

I'd heard Leary say that "the Beatles have taken over, they are the leaders now." It was interesting as a comment but rather cryptic--or so it seemed to me at the time. But after listening to them with grass, I saw what he meant and it seemed valid. As I got more and more into it, I couldn't figure out if John Lennon was an absolute genius to know that his songs would hit me in this way, or if it just happened.

What's important about all this is that with the psychedelics, value systems change--and they do so very directly. People tend to become more conscious, more aware of social conditioning, more interested in choosing what they would like to do. Most find that in the altered consciousness of a psychedelic trip there's a pronounced shift of interests--generally this in a direction they enjoy; they get involved with things they would like to have lingered on. Some notice that they are making different kinds of decisions than they normally might. Messages that are religious, romantic or genially anarchistic--this kind of communication suddenly begins to get through much better. The psychedelic user generally becomes more aware of subtleties, of how his behavior might be perceived on different levels, of irony, of humor. Since normally we respond hardly at all in many of these areas, this does change things.

During a psychedelic trip, the user is also extraordinarily receptive; his receiving antenna is fully attuned. Usually we aren't very accepting of what others have to say, so preoccupied are we with our own thoughts and intentions, but the psychedelics do stop flow. LSD, in fact, will sometimes keep a compulsive talker silent for up to eight or ten hours.

Listened to on a psychedelic trip, rock can't

dissolve. Perspective gets introduced, much as it would by a week's vacation. And from that changed point of view, it's then possible to choose among alternatives and come to some fairly firm decisions. This is why--for the first time maybe--many people find that in a psychedelic session they can suddenly make sense of their usually jumbled lives, that they can somehow put them in order.

These changes in the way we go about making decisions, of considerable importance in themselves, are compounded by rock. This music obviously is not of the moon-June sort, nor a matter of easy or plastic fantasy. Instead, it's about real concerns--about being yourself, about the terror of life in the '60's, about the need for love. (Says Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane: "All the material we do is about love.") In listening to such music when high--when the message really gets through--it's more difficult then to evade these matters. It's noteworthy, in this respect, how much of rock is patterned on the catechism. Generally the questioning is of a sympathetic, informed sort--as in Simon and Garfunkel or Pearl Before Swine. The latter group's "Drop Out With Me" is a good example of how effective the pitch can be. Not only have the Pearls somehow managed to present this rather bald request lyrically, but they take up the recalcitrant listener point by point, on objections he might offer. "Don't you worry... Your world's in too big a hurry... They made the rules... They're using you..." and so on. In one's normal state of mind, this song might be of little special interest, other than perhaps as a conversational ploy for saying something about "dropping out" or about Tim Leary. But when high, one sees immediately what the Pearls are getting at. And because the user is then religiously oriented, and gently reassured about his reservations, the message may have an enormous impact.

This impact--to anticipate a possible misunderstanding--is not the result of the message involved being new. It's not. The difference in impact is due instead to the prevalence of such messages throughout society, and to the fact that given acid, these messages will finally hit home in a massive way. The combination of acid and rock will result in different decisions than those we conventionally make, as well as definite gross rearrangements in the user's value systems.

Rock is everywhere young people meet, as is pot and often the stronger psychedelics. In the context of the breakdown and irrelevance of much of traditional education--and the size of the chasm between older and younger generation--the acid-rock combustion thus promises to become a really significant educational device for this and the next generation. And such a development amounts to an entire overturning of the traditional methods for bringing up the young.

In that messages from anarchist poets are becoming the major educational fare for society, it's evident that the record player has become a technological device of considerable social importance, for through it a means has been found to break with society's practice of dampening youthful impulses by putting the education of young minds under the direction of older, generally more conservative instructors. By offering an education in the familiarities of mystics, mavericks, and eccentrics, while people are having drug-induced visionary experiences, the acid-rock combination may even give birth to an entire generation of religious outsiders.

The significance of all this is difficult to appreciate on a verbal level. To make these points more concrete, let me illustrate the differences I am discussing by linking them to something with which we are all familiar--the Beatles' album Sgt. Pepper. How does this great contemporary Bible

thus have considerably different impact. When the Byrds perform "Turn! Turn! Turn!" and come to the line about "a time for peace--I swear it's not too late," for instance, the reaction can be ecstatic (in some cases almost religious). What you hear when you listen to the Jefferson Airplane straight and what you hear when stoned is by no means the same--particularly when they sing that "at last it's all coming true" or "Hey, people, now smile on your brother / Let me see you get together," etc. The psychedelics somehow restore their user to the innocence of childhood, so that it becomes possible then "to believe," to give in to your yearnings. It becomes much easier to forget the meanness of the world, the cruelties that have encouraged us to become hardened, afraid that in being genuine or outgoing we'll be conned.

Many have noted the tendency of psychedelic users to make major life-changing decisions while under the drug, decisions that are often carried through once the drug wears off. This is due largely to the psychedelics' well-known ability to "depersonalize" the user, granting him opportunity for "self-transcendence." Under such conditions, it's much simpler to take a fresh look at one's position in life--and to do so at a fairly safe psychological remove. The depressing aspects of a situation, the routine pettiness, the urgent yet conflicting demands--these factors pretty much work out as a trip record? What is its message when heard high? Is it more than a collection of happy tunes? How revolutionary are the Beatles?

The titter of an audience and some tuning up (to quiet us down and establish the scene) and then we hear the old, typical Beatles sound. But lo--it's no longer the Beatles we've known for all these years; instead we are introduced to "a lonely hearts club band." A pop concert, then, for those with lonely hearts; a trip for the lonely.

Loneliness is an old concern with the Beatles--extending from "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "Eleanor Rigby"--but in a genuine sense what we're offered here is something entirely new. For one thing, it's now going to be much more fun. That's obvious from the circus music, the prancing, the calliope sounds--and especially from the intimate appeal made to us, the audience. (There's a considerable difference between Revolver's "Turn off your mind / Relax and float downstream," and Sgt. Pepper's "Sit back and let the evening go," between the usual concert patter and "It's wonderful to be here... You're such a lovely audience... We'd love to take you home..." etc.) For another thing, Ringo and the others have pronounced the "old Beatles" dead (their pop funeral is on the album cover).

After a bit of clowning (such as the muffled "Cheese..." and "What would you think if I sang out of tune...")--enough, that is, to get us entertained, amused and involved--we go directly to the

**HEAD IMPORTS**  
549  
WHOLESALE 1059 RETAIL  
2446 LINCOLN AVE

catechism. "Does it worry you to be alone? Do you need anybody? Are you sad because you're on your own?" To all such questions, the answers are love, and getting by (and high) with the help of friends. Listened to while under LSD, this message can really resonate.

As in all rock, it's clear that here "Yes, we speak of things that matter" (Simon and Garfunkel). On the second side, especially, this is evident right from the beginning--with Harrison's "Within You Without You," his "sitar stuff," "We were talking..." About what? "About the space between us all/And the people--who hide themselves behind a wall of illusion...about the love we all could share..." and so on.

What's important here is that this message is presented as an amusement, a show "guaranteed to raise a smile"--i.e. via "flower power." Throughout this album, the serious message is conveyed in a terribly appealing way, and it therefore can be listened to repeatedly; its effect can really be reinforced. No one can resist the lovely, touching fantasy of "When I'm Sixty-four" or "Henry the Horse (dancing) the waltz" (in "Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite"). By guaranteeing "a splendid time for all," they carry us all along, right into the more serious concerns.

The third band in Sgt. Pepper is the tripping-out band, a moment of relief after the catechism. ("Picture yourself in a boat on a river...") It's now big-rock-candy-mountain time, as it is somewhere in all rock, whether we're to get there through a "time machine" or through the vocal gymnastics of a Mick Jagger or a Jimi Hendrix. In this case, we're invited to come to a land "Where rocking horse people eat marshmallow pies..." and where the flowers "grow so incredibly high." The various scenes--though somewhat bizarre are all attractive, a tribute to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." And all these delights are promised us--if we "follow her (Lucy) down to...where everyone smiles."

In our normal state of mind, the ambiguous link between "Lucy" and "LSD" may seem rather tenuous, if it exists at all (Obviously it's rather difficult--as well as transparent--to sing a chorus to "LSD, LSD, LSD.") There are millions who hum or sing "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" as they work, or who have heard this album repeatedly and yet never noticed the extraordinary number of drug references in the songs (even in such obvious places as "A Day in the Life's" "I'd love to turn...r...r...n you on..." or "had a smoke/Somebody spoke and I went into a dream..."). But when high, the ambiguity in most "drug songs" disappears.

Because the press--always titillated by ambiguous drug references--has raised such songs as "Lucy in the Sky" into an issue, all those who hear it while high are also in on the joke; they are quite naturally put on the side against the puritanical establishment. By responding to such obvious bait, officials and the press have helped make all psychedelic users co-conspirators.

If psychedelics transform the Beatles' "A Little Help From My Friends" into a catechism



and "Lucy in the Sky" into an advertisement, what they do for the next song, "Getting Better," is to change it (on another level) into a sermon--where it becomes a much more important "drug song" than any of the more obvious ones. We are returned now to more seriousness, this time with message that's hammered home over thirty times: "I've got to admit...getting better / A little better all the time." The Beatles have this message keyed to a metronome, and they really pound it in. "It's getting so much better all the time...better...better!"

Looked at in terms of our normal consciousness, this song is rather bewildering--it's been as confusing to the critics as "Fun is the one thing money can't buy." (A strange statement, some say, to be coming from millionaires.) What's the point in the Beatles trying to convince us that things are getting better?--certainly there's little improvement in Vietnam or the ghettos. On another level, the Beatles are pretty radical here. In trying to orient us toward the future, and reinforcing this message as they have, the Beatles are forcing us to break with an important part of our immediate past, an act which may have enormous consequences psychologically, socially and politically.

What you have in "Getting Better" is a statement about the possibility of a glorious future which for the first time in the history of utopian thinking is actually credible. There have, of course, been many utopian promises--Marx offered one, and there's a whole tradition that's been developed by Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, Moore, Bellamy, Bradbury, Arthur C. Clark, etc. But each of these has been put in a fantastic, pretty unbelievable context. Either the promise has been an intellectual one--as with Marx--or it's been Buck Rogerish. It's only with psychedelics and rock that there has appeared a persuasive confirmation of the possibility of a millenium on earth, one to which almost anyone can give assent.

When you take a psychedelic, in an important sense you are to experience some kind of millenium. This can take many forms, but regardless, almost everyone who has tried one of these drugs has agreed that "the world is transfigured," it's radiant.

A good deal of rock confirms and extends this natural tendency in the psychedelic experience, so that for a period of time the possibility of a utopia becomes surprisingly credible. When you hear such songs as the Beatles' "Getting Better," the Swine's "The Past is Broken," or the Stones' "Something Happened to Me Yesterday" while high on LSD, it's quite easy to give considerable assent. And by putting this message in a sort of catechismic form--as in the Beatles' "I used to get mad at my school... Me used to be an angry young man... Man I was mean but I'm changing my scene..." etc.--the message is further strengthened and can become tremendously convincing.

The problem in talking about the impact of all this lies in our unfamiliarity with changed consciousness. We simply are unprepared for the possibility that a drug could mass-produce different values across society, and thereby transform or restructure a social system. Therefore let me try to put this matter in some perspective by sticking to the subject of utopias and comparing the effects of the acid and rock combination with the approach taken in other "social revolutions."

Aside from changes brought about by such developments as the auto, world war, and Enovid, what has given birth to a social revolution has been the conceptions of a few brilliant men. Marx and Freud, for instance, are examples of men primarily moral in their outlook who were outraged by the lack of decency in the world, and who in consequence advanced prescriptions designed to change things. Marx's message was, "Look, the problem is the distribution of goods and the state. Get rid of that and everything will be fine." Freud, on the other hand, argued: "It's our sexual hangups. If we can work out those traumas developed early in life, why then everything will really be groovy."

These views on how to create a millenium are--whatever else might be said--primarily intellectual constructions, and they never were all that convincing. If you went with Marx into London while he was writing *Das Kapital*, for instance, and considered his conclusions--that England and Germany were ripe for revolution, that the "Motive force" for social change would be "the working class," etc.--you would have been on solid ground in being skeptical. While it's true that a revolution is never apparent until the morning after, still,



the sights of the London gin mills wouldn't have been all that convincing. "You mean to say you think these people will be the force behind revolution?" You would have been entirely justified in dismissing Marx as a German who just somehow fit into the great English eccentric tradition.

Now that we've had some experience with the working out of the Marxian and Freudian social prescriptions, it's even harder to believe that such schemes might lead to a kind of paradise on earth. Every Russian must wonder about the Stalinist period, while every therapist must know there's much truth to the occasional charge that the "Freudian revolution was entirely successful--except that the patients never got well."

A much more direct way of going about creating social change--than through such promises as that things will get better as the state dissolves or as the analysis ends--may be through giving people a persuasive view of "the millenium," by allowing them to check in periodically on "what might be." In the psychedelic experience you have just such a possibility, for here is not simply a promise or some speculation, but a millenium experience of great conviction. While it's true that the psychedelic user in six or eight hours "comes down," still he has felt to his marrow how fantastic things actually could be. Such an experience may have a lot more impact than the most eloquent arguments from impassioned speakers.

Since at least the first world war, we in this century have been pretty much incapable of conceiving of ourselves in any way either heroic or up to the monumental. This failure of nerve is thoroughly reflected in our literature and art, in our science and in our habit of always looking back toward the past for all our great drama, poetry, leaders and events--back to the Greeks and Romans, back to the Elizabethan period, back, always back. What is Eliot telling us in "Prufrock" and "The Waste Land" but that we've become impotent, and that the best we can hope for in poetry is to string together the songs of dead poets? Who is our greatest dramatic creation?--Probably Willie Loman (Low-man), an exhausted salesman.

As everyone admits, this is the age of the anti-hero. In our time, anyone who has managed to rise up and take a good look around has just got to live with alienation at the core of his being. All of our visionaries--Nietzsche, Hesse, Dostoyevsky, Rilke, Camus, Shaw, Schopenhauer, Sartre, etc.--have to contend with a history seemingly in the hands of ruthless, reckless blind forces, forces insensitive to all human appeals. This is why the lives recounted by Colin Wilson in *The Outsider* are so pathetic.

In the psychedelic experience and in rock, however, people are suddenly reacquainted with Renaissance feelings, they are temporarily given the conviction that they are "gods walking on the earth." (Alan Watts' *Joyous Cosmology* gives a lucid description of this typical acid effect.) Such experiences--even if temporary--can lead to an entirely different kind of psychology than we are used to, and to much more behavioral motivation.

That something like four or five million Americans have by now experienced this psychological transformation is one of the important reasons why, even though we have all the elements for another McCarthy period in this country, there are a lot of people who aren't about to be cowed. Even though it's wartime, many other exhilarating things are happening. The world has become a much more entertaining Roman circus recently: it's an exciting time to be alive and there are now hundreds of thousands who aren't interested in running scared. Because on another level than that of governmental events, things are getting groovy, it is possible still--despite Vietnam, racial conflict and all--to look toward a fantastic future. And in that increasing numbers are now using the psychedelics to make a break with the alienation of our recent past, the long-range result may be an entire reorientation of story.

The owner-manager of the Electric Theater was raided and closed during the Free City Committee benefit of May 20th, had their charges (keeping a disorderly house) dismissed at the request of Corporate Counsel Raymond Simon.

Mail has come in asking about Monk Sutton's impassioned speech during the Fish Concert. The situation at the Theater is as follows: the staff has received most of its back pay and Free City has been given a check for \$450 and a promise that the balance will be paid as soon as the bill for Canned Heat's amplifiers (damaged during the cop riot) arrives. Free City is contemplating a suit for legal expenses and revenue losses. The American Civil Liberties Union, already probing Yippie harassment, has express interest in pressing such an action.

ACLU needs information from anyone busted during the Clark Street Yippie meeting, at the Theater, or on Wells Street during the police action of May 25th. Retainer and information sheets are available at the Seed.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF A ROCK GROUP

Conqueror Worm, familiar to all who attend the Lincoln Park Be-Ins, have had a hard time of it, as the table indicates:

May--organ broke--\$40  
May--cancelled booking--\$600  
early June--truck transmission--\$300  
late June--jumped while auditioning at the Electronic Echo in Hammond, Ind.  
Nick, Mark and Keith hospitalized--\$900  
July 10--busted at 78th & South Shore Drive for grass hidden (to their eternal surprise) in the heater--\$600 bond  
July 11--blew meeting for loan--\$50 plus \$10 given to cabbie for a buck ride ("to get there on time").

Members of the Youth International Party announce the complete success of their plan to pave the way for the August Festival of Life. 100,000 middle-aged men and women were given massive doses of LSD and set loose in Chicago for a week. Riding with abandon in unlicensed vehicles, helmetless atop their Harleys, these freaks and bikers paraded animals through the streets in total disregard of city codes.

Job offer department: Eddie Stanky, call 337-2623 re position as Seed Sports editor.

Word from the South Side fief of the Kingdom of Chicago is that the recent truce between the Blackstone Rangers and the East Side Disciples will not be honored by their associated gangs.

Jeff Fort, a top Ranger, recently walked out on a Congressional hearing probing the use of \$927,000 funded to The Woodlawn Organization (TW) (TWO). A contempt citation and an Internal Revenue Service investigation may be forthcoming.

Rumor of the month--Freak priest Jonathan Tuttle will assume the Presidency of a college to be formed by the amalgamation of two extant temples of learning. The school will be known as the Muddy Institute of Technological Bibles. A high source indicates that Defense Department contracts will be retained so long as an all-university course in "Darwin and the Old Testament" is taught.

West side loan sharks reputedly took off the Service Savings and Loan Association for \$10,000, 000 between June 1964 and June 1967. A grand jury investigation is continuing.

#### DOPE OF THE WEEK IN REVIEW

(per usual, this article is in no way meant to encourage or abet illegal activity, and is printed here as an educational public service. The staff takes no responsibility for validity; however, it is known that extensive pre-testing went into its compilation.)

##### LSD:

blue and green caps--are not acid, but rat poison.  
orange tabs (saccharine size)--dynamite, no speed.  
small white caps--very weak, not a good buy.  
white tabs--excellent, good for one dynamite or two so-so trips.  
purple tabs--mucho speed, beware the comedown.  
pink caps--acceptable.  
"Owsley black"--out of sight. New Yorkers may know them as "black magic".

##### TEA TIME:

There has been a nationwide grass shortage for about a month. The reasons range (allegedly) from the burning of Mexican fields to a crackdown on Mafia smuggling across the Rio Grande. Anyway, the famine is ending.

Your legislators in action--Uncle Ev Dirksen was instrumental in weakening the proposed Tydings gun-control bill. His amendment, which revolves around state discretion, insured that there will be no significant ban against interstate weapons sales.

The fair-haired boy of the record industry is a prime force in a drive for a national Constitutional Convention. Can you imagine what kind of governing document a "ruralistic" caucus would draw up?

Obituary--Joe Pool of The House of Representatives, whose crusade against the Underground Press insures him an everlasting place in our hearts.

Headland, Chicago's first Headshop (1250 N. Wells) was visited by the Red Squad, who took instant inventory and departed with a stash of three aspirins. Damage was extensive, and co-owner James Lato is contemplating a damage suit.

Jim, our very own Walrus and another freak invite you to 26th and California at 9 A.M. on August first, when their sales and conspiracy charges go before the judge. Just follow the freaks.

De facto segregation has officially fallen upon hard times. The city council has established Aug. first as the initiatory date for a new city-wide open housing law, and a recent Federal Court ruling threw out the existing boundaries of the South Holland Elementary District #151. The backslashers should rear their heads in the immediate future.

The Albany Park Draft Information Center is in existence at 4749 N. Spaulding. Hours are 6-9 Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and 3-6 on Saturdays. A non-profit bookstore (The Peace Shop) is in the works. Call tact David Greenberg at 5120 S. Harper Ave. for additional info.

The Chamberlin Creative Center, 4845 and 4872 N. Milwaukee Ave should provide an opportunity for people on the North-West side to express themselves in an unparanoid atmosphere.

The Eighteenth District P.D.'s "sicken-a-Seed-seller" campaign continues. When repeated threats to Hip Job Co-op coordinator Dave Wyatt failed to make him discontinue, the long-arms adopted a tactic steeped in Chicago tradition--taking someone for a ride. Several vendors have been hustled into squad cars and chastized about their moral and political lapses before their release. Repeat--it is legal to sell Seeds in any part of the city except the Loop and on Parks District property.

A local "charitable" organization is attempting to have the Co-op evicted from its den of iniquity at 240 W. Willow. Dave has put out an appeal for jobs, especially of the creative kind. Call 822-0651 if you know of employment.

##### FREE SCHOOLS

The Free U. at Roosevelt is offering courses in Radical Research, Photography, Guerilla Theater, Community Organizing and the Works of Herbert Marcuse. Call Helen Factor at 274-3966.

A Free H.S. has been meeting at Roosevelt and other places, with courses in Black History, American History, Sex (Seminar), the Student As an Instrument for Social Change, Current Events and the Media currently scheduled throughout the week. Call Amy Keppelman at 764-1399.

Labor organizing--608 S. Dearborn, Rm 1800 WE9-5343, Paul Booth.

Democratic Party Project & Army 10 (base coffee houses)-----407 S. Dearborn, Rm 315, Rennie Davis, 939-2666.



##### THC:

This means Delta tetra-hydra-cannibinal, and is the essence (read stoning agent) of the marijuana plant. Good caps give a six-hour high with mild hallucinations and an easy comedown. Street price is \$2-3. It may be a no-no by the time this issue goes to press.

The bumper caps (both good and bad are small and white) afford freaky visions and an abrupt crash after 1/2 hour. Then again, it might be people's heads and not the contents.

##### TSM:

The only possible comparison is to DMT. The rush is immense. Smoke in a comfortable place while seated or reclining. Expect to be completely wasted for 10-15 minutes. Anything this strong can't be good for you.

##### The Man:

It is summer in Chicago. Yippie is attracting a lot of freaks, which is in turn bringing many Federal people to our fair city. Be cool. Do your thing only with people well-known to you. Get tastes up front. Speed kills, speed-freaks burn. Beware!



IN MY PASTURE I BASK  
IN THE SUNSHINE OF  
NEON AND BREATHE  
THE ATMOSPHERE  
OF INVENTION. I  
WALK THROUGH THE  
GROWTH OF GENIUS  
AND AMID THROBBING  
SOULS I REST. MORE  
WONDROUS IS MY  
PASTURE THAN  
NATURE'S.

## UNTITLED

Blow now  
soft wind...  
and gentle to me  
be forever...  
like smoothness of marble  
and serenity of river  
deeper until i am no longer...  
alone  
to touch the ocean's spray  
the empty waves  
to hum a lover's song  
and wonder where i belong  
a moment now  
and forever...

Sandi Momi Ho

"Thou great eternal infinite, the great unbounded whole, thy body is the universe--thy spirit is the soul.

If thou dost fill immensity; if thou art all in all; if thou wert here before I was, I am not here at all.

How could I live outside of thee? Dost thou fill earth and air? There surely is no place for me outside of everywhere. If thou art god, and thou dost fill immensity of space, then I am of God.

Think as you will, or else I have no place and if I have no place at all, or if I am not here

Banished I surely cannot be, for then I would be somewhere.

Then I must be a part of God, no matter if I am small,

and if I'm not a part of Him

There's no such God at all."

Writer unknown

Hear me honey  
You're wild with soft  
sleek hair swift down  
and around, around

I love you.  
Can it be just the 32nd groove  
in stereo?  
Yes, it was push and roll out  
the expressway one time  
rolling, rolling.

Yellow hair was just there  
in the morning  
your face five times in Chicago.

Baby, it's you that I Love.  
Radio, yes rolling  
through the door Jersey door  
love me two times tomorrow.

Your face isn't sure tomorrow  
but better.  
See I can't look forward  
to your after smile and a  
good word for Cannonball  
Adderly

Then we were older, yes, yes  
and I can't see your face  
but hear me  
reaching  
out over

a maybe West Virginia night  
or north country--a new symbol  
for New York.

See how I could be dishonest  
how could I lie  
can you hear my song.

When the music's over in Brooklyn  
I could lie back with you  
younger then  
not really wanting  
speed

not afraid of  
level  
or distance  
or progress

the other children would come  
and play around us  
see I can't sing the American  
telephone blues  
looking for the right exchange

but I dig Billy Holliday.

And I love you  
simple  
love me 'till the cows come home.

Jim Wells

# BUST-IN

The Tantalizing new game of uppers & downers, bummers & super bummers

YOU JUST REMEMBERED THAT YOU LEFT YOUR JACKET BACK AT THE BE-IN, AND THAT IT HAS SOME PERSONAL PAPERS (AMONG OTHER THINGS) IN THE POCKETS. YOU MUST GO BACK AND GET IT.  
-GO BACK TO 12

**DOWNER**

21

**DOIN' DESPAIR**

22

ON THE WAY HOME, YOU'RE ASKED BY A FRIENDLY-LOOKING CHICK IF YOU HAVE ANY GRASS -YOU SLIP HER A ROACH AND SHE TURNS OUT TO BE A NARC IN DRAG!  
-GO STRAIGHT TO POKEY

**UN-COOL**

23

**SUPER BUMMER**

ALMOST HOME, BUT - WHO'S THAT STANDING AT THE CORNER OF YOUR STREET?  
-BETTER PLAY IT SAFE AND GO TWO BLOCKS OUT OF YOUR WAY - MISS TWO TURNS

**bummer**

24

**HOME FREE**

25

YOU RUN INTO TWO MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY WHO DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS - THEY STOP YOU AND SHAKE YOU DOWN - STAY HERE FOR TWO TURNS

THIS IS YOUR UP-AGAINST-THE-WALL-TYPE

**BUMMER**

20

STOP FOR ICE-CREAM

**MOVE UP TO 22**

19

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE NOW COMPLETED 3/4 OF THE COURSE

**Still W.K.**

18

AMAZING!!

PARANOIA STRIKES! - A SQUAD CAR SLOWS DOWN AND THE COP INSIDE GIVES YOU A LONG HARD LOOK - YOU DUCK INTO THE SUBWAY AND TAKE THE TRAIN TEN BLOCKS OUT OF YOUR WAY  
- GO BACK TO 8

**DOWNER**

17

**feelin' go-o-o-d**

YOU'RE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT-RELAXIN' AND GROOVIN' WITH FRIENDS.

16

YOU STOP TO RAP WITH A SPADE FRIEND AND GET BUSTED FOR "UNLAWFULL' ASSEMBLY"  
-GO STRAIGHT TO POKEY

**TOUGH SHIT**

THIS IS A SUPER BUMMER!

11

**BE IN**

YOU MADE IT! (THIS FAR ANYWAY) - ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET BACK HOME

12

**13 POKEY (UNLUCKY NUMBER)**

ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE BE-IN, SOME KIND FRIENDS INVITE YOU BACK TO THEIR PAD FOR A SPOT OF TEA.  
- MOVE UP TO 16

**upper**

14

WHILE MUNCHING ON SOME CHOCOLATE BROWNIES GIVEN TO YOU AT THE BE-IN, YOU SUDDENLY BECOME CONFUSED AND LIGHTHEADED - AND LOST  
-GO BACK TO 6

**downer**

15

A CAR LOADED WITH FRIENDLY FREAKS STOPS AND GIVES YOU A RIDE TO THE BE-IN  
- MOVE UP TO 12

**UPPER**

10

**cloud 9**

8

THE GOING'S ROUGH AND STILL

**You're COOL But...**

WATCH YOUR STEP-DANGER LURKS AHEAD

8

YOU LEFT THE PAD IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY - FORGOT YOUR ZIG-ZAG PAPERS - GO BACK TO 1

**oops! There's a BUMMER SUPERIEUR NO?**

7

**DOIN' FINE**

KEEP COOL !!

6

**START CRUB HERE**

1

YOU HIT THE STREET FEELING GOOD, BUT RUN INTO A BUNCH OF DRUNKEN CONVENTIONEERS WHO GIVE YOU A ROUGH TIME ABOUT YOUR HAIR-BEADS-CLOTHES (WHATEVER)  
-THIS PUTS YOU ON A BAD DOWN TRIP. STAY ON 2 - YOU MISS ONE TURN.

**BUMMER**

2

**UPPER!**

YOU WERE TIPPED-OFF OF A PLANNED BUST AT A LOCAL COFFEE-HOUSE AND STAYED AWAY - MOVE UP TO 9

3

**SO FAR SO GOOD**

4

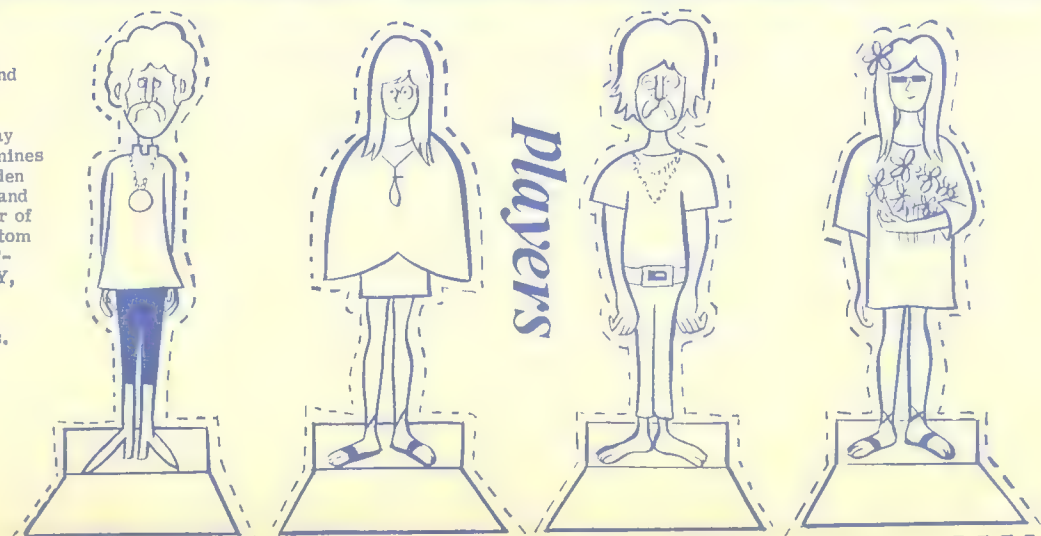
YOU MEET AN OLD MAIDEN AUNT FROM SOUTHBEND, INDIANA AND SHE RECOGNIZES YOU! YOU ARE HUNG UP FOR 1/2 HR WHILE SHE ASKS WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.  
-STAY PUT FOR TWO TURNS

**BUMMER**

5

There's a gathering of tribes and Be-In at the local Free-Place. You would like to go there and groove with other freaks, RIGHT? -Simple enough.  
-You start from your pad (1), and make your way to the great event. The spinner supplied determines how fast you get there. Stick a 1" piece of wooden matchstick or something similar in the center and spin. The edge it comes to rest on tells number of squares to move players. If you land at the bottom of a JOINT, you go UP. If at the top of a NIGHT-STICK, you go DOWN. If you land in the POKEY, you're gone- O-U-T- out!!

Paste on medium weight card and cut out pieces.



# VICTIMS OF SYSTEMS BEYOND THEIR CONTROL

David Talbott Cox isn't interested in making trouble. He's interested in putting on plays. Real plays, important ones, not just the cute little comedies and musicals which comprise the major portion of this great city's excuse for culture. Plays reflecting our current intellectual and social atmosphere, with all its frustration, resentment, and desire for change. This was Cox's major premise in forming The Players community theater group almost a year ago, and thus it remains today.

Unfortunately, not everyone in our fair city is inclined to agree with him. Originally situated in St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Hyde Park, Cox and his ensemble were told, rather abruptly, to move out last September when he decided to pro-

duce "The Deputy", a slashing indictment of Pope Pius XII's failure to speak out against the very un-Christian persecution of millions of Jews in Nazi Germany. "They just blankly told me: 'You're not going to produce THAT play here!'"

It's pretty hard to produce a play any where, and even harder when you are forced to move your location in the midst of production. Especially when you have no place to go. Debts begin piling up, actors walk out on you--you're put through a lot of changes. But Cox was intent on putting on "The Deputy," and he fought and hassled until, finally, he persuaded the Shoreland Hotel to allow his group to produce his play in their ballroom. For a share in the profits, of course, but that's cool.

So everything's fine and dandy, right? Wrong.

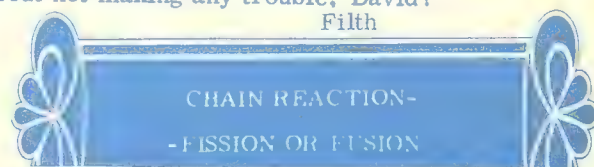
This city, with its incredible knack for never leaving well enough alone, would never allow anything to remain fine and dandy for too long. Billboard space downtown, promised to Cox long beforehand, was suddenly denied him. He found it almost impossible to get his credit re-established. All sort of incredible rumors concerning his personal character began to circulate. And just two days after his arrival at the Shoreland, who should drop by but the electrical and fire inspectors, just checking up to see if maybe there weren't some little violations they could hit him with. "When that didn't work, they tried kind of a 'secondary boycott'," said David. "They began to check out the entire hotel for violations in order to pressure them into kicking us out." And then, who should come by opening night but those ever-vigilant Chicago Police, charging Cox with both fire and electrical violations. And I always thought that the Daley Gang was all for culture in Chicago. Irish Catholic culture only, I guess. Mustn't put on a play that puts down ol' Vatican Daddy, now, must we? Tsk! Tsk! Aren't we being a bit rigid, boys?

I'm not going to say too much about the play itself--there isn't much that needs to be said. Sure, The Players were working on a very limited budget, and a few of them muffed their lines--but it doesn't matter. The message is too powerful. It leaps off the stage and engulfs you in all its brutal intensity no matter what technical mistakes there might be. It's not merely something to be watched or listened to; it's an entire emotional involvement, a non-verbal experience that, well, that just has to be experienced, that's all, and experienced by each person individually. Here we have the raw horror of the men who run the concentration camps, men who have risen above hatred to the point where the slaughter of 5,000 people a day is mere "shop talk", and where officers present their comrades with the brains of children for gifts. And in contrast, we have the more insidious horror of the man who runs the church, going against every one of its basic precepts, refusing to speak out against such an obvious transgression of God's law, refusing to believe what he knows to be true in order to protect his Church's own interests and petty profits, standing by while millions die, abandoning morality for "diplomacy."

What can I say? It's a dynamite play. You may derive something completely different from it than I did, but you will definitely derive something from it. It's a learning experience, and you'll just have to go see it for yourselves.

So far, the audience seems to have been very pleased with the performance. Only two people walked out the night I was there, and at the very beginning at that. They probably thought "The Deputy" was a western. And in spite of his difficulties David Cox is pleased, too. Next he plans to produce McClure's "The Beard". What's that you said about not making any trouble, David?

Filth



Take a narrow, rectangular room, throw in a long u-shaped bar at its dead center. Wedge a bandstand at one end and some benches at the other. Put about eight slide projectors on the ceiling and--Voila! The drinking man's 'Lectric Theater, the Chain Reaction.

It's everything that the straight world thinks a "psychee-delic" music place should be. Any Freak 3rd Class can see how wrong they are.

The music is deafening, well beyond the grooving level, because the acoustics of so narrow a room make sound separation impossible and create a supersonic stew of electronic noise. All this is neatly capped with some heavy mike feedback that produces stupor rather than euphoria.

The light show is actually a slide show, and while some of the photography is good, the structuredness of concrete objects intrudes on any possibility of flow.

But maybe I'm carping. Certainly, The Chain Reaction is several cuts above anything else in the State-Rush area (axis?). It's a definite attempt to turn a usually barren club into a coherent environment with the use of a 360 degree light show and some heavy music.

If the management can solve, or at least lessen, the noise-to-music ratio problem, and if their light show picks up, and if they produce what they promise in the way of groups (Rotary Connection, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Eric Burdon and the Animals), then a nice try might just become a nice place.

Eliot

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Has head music, acid rock, or whatever you want to call it, shot its load? Who's coming on to replace or complement the knockouts of the '66 Be-Ins and '67 recording sessions--the Airplane, Big Brother, the Cream, Country Joe, the Mothers, Moby Grape, etc.? Yes, Virginia, the Flag and Blood, Sweat and Tears are/were dynamite, but into a different thing than the high sound.

In a sense, I'm writing this bunch of short reviews because the unliberated part of my brain isn't used to getting something for nothing and the record companies keep shipping their products to us for plugging. If nothing else, this effort should solve our storage problem.

#### AND NOW FOR THE SHOW

Take a long list of inter-related words (like South Central Avenue Municipal), tack on Blues Band, and have them adopt a slant approach to a fad. Nine times out of ten you'll get an abortion. "The Soul of Bonnie and Clyde" will knock you out if your life's work is the study and analysis of two South-Western killers; if not, forget it as nothing more than a proclamation that the record industry has become a billion-dollar vested interest and will maintain itself no matter what kind of garbage it has to put out. The "blues-drenched" Bluesway release (BLS-6018) captures the worst of the Pepsi Commercial, ricky-ticky and Bar-Mitzvah sounds.



Ever shop for mommy? Ever get scolded because you bought the detergent with the shiny package rather than the one that actually cleans your clothes whiter than white? Well, that's the latest album game. It's gotten to the point where you can't tell the group's name from that of the album. A case in point is the Golden Dawn doing "Power Plant". The group should recharge its batteries. Cull your three best acid excursions for all the catchy phrases, shake until they lose all meaning, and presto, it's the Golden Dawn. The heavy backbeat gets boring in a hurry.

"Power Plant" is #4 in a seven-album series released by International Artists (such a humble company could only be based in Texas). Let's go down the golden road together and see what they're into.

"The Psychedelic Sounds of the Thirteenth Floor Elevators". Bullshit. The liner notes--"it is this quest for pure sanity that forms the basis of the songs on this album"--bullshit. The pyramid and the all-seeing eye--you guessed it. But at least they're consistent. Their second album proclaims that it's "Easter Everywhere"---except on the Seed's stereo, and that idiot up-and-down vocal trill really doesn't make it (IALP #5).

The Red Crayola with the Familiar Ugly, "The Parable of Arable Land". This is probably the freakiest album ever recorded. Released around the end of last June, it made it to Chicago sometime this spring. The Crayola specialize in shifting from chaos to structured runs, while the Ugly (I hope that they'll pardon me for becoming familiar\_) play such background instruments as coke bottles, motorcycles, buzzsaws and kazoos. "Hurricane Fighter Plane" has the freakiest lyrics ever, and the combined group makes the ultimate statement on violence in "War Sucks". Forget General Fox's stupid liner notes and pick up on it. Highly recommended for listening to when stoned, especially for the amazing channel separation (IALP #2).

Unfortunately, the Crayola has fallen prey to the same exhaustion that seems to have hit so many other interesting groups. Their second album, "God Bless the Red Krayola and All Who Sail With It", is creepy and repetitive. The handball noises in "The Shirt" are poor compensation for the absence of the Familiar Ugly, who probably disappeared in the mountains of Northern Cal immediately after their recording debut (IALP #7).

#3 is "Everybody Here", by a group called "Lost and Found". The first song is called "Forever Lasting Plastic Words". I don't know how long they'll last, but they sure are plastic and lack any redeeming satire. "Everybody's Here" is one of the worst Dylan imitations ever, "There Would Be No Doubt" is a leftover from a Byrds-Love puree, and "Don't Fall Down" and "Let Me Be" are part and parcel of I.A.'s Elevators fixation. I hate to sock it to I.A. so hard, but Lost and Found should have stayed missing.

I don't care for Lightnin' Hopkins, so all I'll say about "Free Form Patterns" (#6) is that his name is spelled "Lightin'" on the back cover, "Lightning" on the front, and "Lightnin'" on the record itself.

Lest this article be considered an attack on a single label, let's see what some of the biggies are into.

"Insight Out" (catchy, huh), by the Association (Warner 1696) contains such wonders as "Windy", "Never My Love" and the epic "Requiem For the Masses". JaPat Thomas' "Open City" review of "Birthday" also fits this earlier masterpiece.



If you have a closet-full of turtle-neck pastels, have your moustache trimmed in a Beverly Hills barbershop, think that Joey Bishop is really a swinger after all, or are simply under thirteen, well, this is Your Album. For those of you whose primary luxury is good taste, there is little need to tell you that this group is the most overpaid in the business, including the Monkees.

"Mortimer". That's all. No problem. Except that the album (Philips6-267) puts out a neon vibe that spells SHUCK. To quote the boys in the band: "Were people music the World would dance." "Look up and smile and think positively." "Looking out, I see what is missing--simplicity--and the dignity it has." The group should ball a lot of teeny-boppers. "Mortimer's Theme" is especially repugnant.

"Dave Van Ronk...and the Hudson Dusters"? That's right, folk freaks, preserved in acetate on Verve (FTS-3041). It's bouncy, it's got some decent musicianship, and any group that dares to record "Alley Oop", "Swing on a Star" and a goof version of the master's own "Cocaine" must be a bunch of healthy freaks, but the album becomes ridiculous after one play. "Mr. Middle" and "Clouds" are O.K.

Ill Wind is just that. Why do these albums sound so tinny? "Flashes" (ABCS-641) is produced by Tom Wilson. If it had come out in 1966, people would have dug the Airplanish lead guitar (even without the Airplane's imagination and talent). The echoes and the "little children in the park" lyrics can't lift the album out of the "eh" category. "High-Flyin' Bird" is an insult to either the Havens or Henske versions.



#### HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

During the last three weeks, we received three albums that, by a great stretch of the imagination, might be called "show biz". Paul Mauriat's "Magic" is done with mirrors, "Hair Pieces" is a shuck takeoff on the first Aquarian Age Broadway show, but "Playback" is a super faith-restorer. It's not Zappa, only because Zappa's never integrated a skit over an entire album, it's not the Fugs because the Fugs have forgotten how to tickle, its...just fantastic. Basically, the Appletree Theater has constructed an allegory about youth in America. It's New York based, but change the E Train to the CTA, Greenwich Village to Old Town and Flushing to Oak Park and you'll know where it's at. John and Terry Bolan wrote it, and they really lay down the difference between white bucks and sandals. You'll flash like mad at your pre-enlightenment stupidity when you hear "I Wonder If Louise Is Home", and you'll pack your bags and take off for somewhere before "Barefoot Boy" is over. "E Train to Forest Hills" is as soft as Hardin and as cutting as the Mothers, "Brother Speed" is dynamite, and "Your the Biggest Thing In My Life" is an honest love song. The effects are just right, the musicians (among them Larry Coryell) really know how to work together, and it's tight, tight, tight as monkey theater should be. If you define head music on the basis of elevated thought, listen to "What A Way To Go", if creativity is your parameter, then buy MGM FTS-3042.

-----Abe

# GUERRILLA MEDIA

You don't have to be (or even read) Marshall McLuhan to realize that without an iron grip on the media--and most importantly on television--the rulers of this country could hold power approximately one month. The average person here is not so happy that, given an easy and acceptable access to honest explanations of what goes on here, he would not take action as we have.

Indeed, given the incredibly well-controlled and sophisticated manipulation of the "Free" Press in this country, it is a wonder anybody gets liberated at all. The press, like the rest of the corporate-liberal system, does not make its manipulations blatant. Obfuscation and half-truth are much more important and in the long run more effective than the Big Lie, though there is no hesitation to employ the latter should all else fail.

The actual financial-editorial control is also indirect--the government only regulates television and radio licensing, limiting access to the corporate rich. While we are free to publish our undergrounds (within limits), we are certainly not "free" to establish a publication with the circulation and power of a Time or Newspeak.

...The national magazines can exist because they have wide popular appeal, but this is as much a part of their snowballing power to shape that appeal as it is real consumer demand. And it is not the subscribers who support the mammoth media trusts, it is advertisers... Leaf through a magazine and see whose ads are there and you will know who is paying to have what said.

Talk as you will about faction-fighting, tactics, alienation. The ultimate reason the left is isolated from the rest of the country is that there is simply no physical means to hold a dialogue on our own terms. When we are on the air it is Huntley talking about us, Johnny Carson asking us his questions, Eric Sevareid patiently explaining that Stokely is a Black Hitler, or the New York Times documenting vicious student attacks against the NYCPD.

Even the music, which perhaps has proved to be our most effective weapon, is quite rigidly controlled. There is WBAI, an FM in NY, and Pacifica on the coast coast, and in between, what? From WABC to WKNR to WCFL to WOMB, the stations are syndicate-controlled, very carefully keeping the subversive stuff off, very carefully walking the payola line with manufactured "hits" that almost make sense but never quite reach libido, real life, or beyond the rhetoric of love.

It was thus that Sgt. Pepper, the most important piece of music since Elvis Presley, a work that sold 4,000,000 albums to the youth market, never hit the top forty. Or the Mothers, or Country Joe, or the Doors beyond carefully selected pieces, or the Fugs, etc. (Interestingly, the silence has been cracked by Life Magazine, a recent issue of which carried an excellent article by Frank Zappa on music and the fifties. I attribute the printing of this article to the same strain as Johnson's pushing the 18-year-old vote--we are too big to ignore now so better jump in and reserve a spot at the head. In the case of Zappa's article, however, I think they made a mistake--it's downright subversive.)

Thus, our struggle to communicate with the rest of our countrymen is met by a well-engineered and total (if not always obvious) quarantine. At this moment, a full-scale rebellion raging in Berkeley has yet to be reported on the front page of the New York Times; a confrontation between straight youths and police in Boston can be found nowhere in print outside of Beantown; the on-going struggle of the Black Panthers receives mention only when an Oakland cop stubs his toe...

...It is clear that our demonstrations, our head-bustings, our resistance, will all come to naught unless we can impress on more people the legitimacy and worth of our alternatives. People in this society are searching for answers and the media is geared specifically to insure that they do not find them...

Perhaps the most important event of the year occurred a month ago in New York, when forty free people walked into a live television show and began talking like real people about real things. The total flip-out of the straight press indicates the gravity of the event. It could serve as a prototype.

Similarly, high school and junior high schools should be extensively leafleted on the true nature of perhaps the most powerful force over their lives--the local radio stations...

In Germany, the key initial attacks were against ex-Nazi Axel Springer, owner of the Time-Life of Germany. Where do we start here? The Times? Yes. CBS-NBC? Yes. Time? Yes. Not the "extremist" press. Not the press that admits its bias. But the smooth "objective" indirectly-but-firmly controlled fourth branch of government which shaped our early lives and continues to lead this country to hell.

We demand public (not government) ownership of the media with equal and free access to all. We demand an end to the system which allows government officials to express their views on the air every day while ours are restricted to private conversation. We demand an end to the "freedom" of the press which allows Rockefeller ten advertisements for every private "letter-to-the-editor" published at the corporation's discretion.

...A free press means free and equal access to all media for all the people.

1968 is the year to reclaim the airwaves.

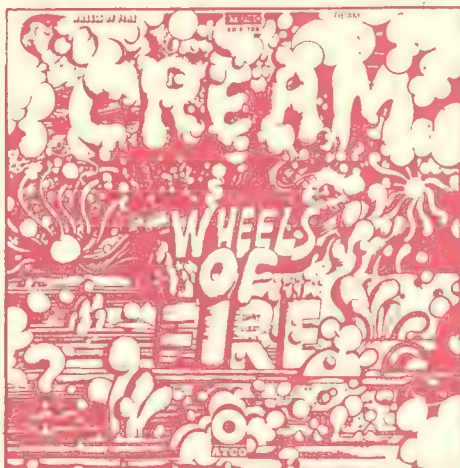
yeah, yeah, yeaaaaaaah

Harvey Wasserman--Liberation News Service

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# BLACK HERITAGE

EUGENE P.R. FELDMAN

What passes for history in our textbooks should really be called established history, since it slants information toward the views of those in control. It tells things that help support it or tries to get people to give it god-like respect. Much of America's true history is left out. We don't get the real history of the American Indians, of the labor and farm struggles--and of the black people. This column will try to fill in some of the omitted facts and correct some of the blatant lies.

Black people, as everyone knows, come from Africa. We have been told that Africa is a land of wild animals, wild jungles, and wild people. We have been told that Africans were cannibals and savages and that, were it not for the white man, they would have never seen "enlightened" civilization. This is just not true.

We have learned that the very home of the earliest man was in East Africa. We know that Egyptians (in spite of Hollywood) were of African descent, with distinct Negroid features. It was they who helped to civilize the Greeks, who in turn civilized the rest of Europe. Thus, the base of white Western civilization, the best that mankind is supposed to have produced, is the African culture of the Nile.

Darwin said that the Garden of Eden might have been in Africa. Dr. Louis Leakey and his wife Mary also believed that earliest man had his start in Africa. They spent thirty long, hot years in search of proof.

On July 17, 1959 the Leakey's took their station wagon down to the torrid desert in the Olduvai Gorge, in what is now Tanzania. Dr. Leakey

was not well and stayed in the car while his wife went to work on her hands and knees. There she was in 110 shadeless degrees. Her two Dalmatians were her only guards against the unfriendly citizens of the desert--lions, poisonous snakes, rhinos. Suddenly she saw the skull that they had been hunting and working for. She was utterly quiet in awe of the vast discovery. She remained still for minute after minute, until the dogs, sensing the vital point, began to lick her face and hands. This brought her back, and she burst out: "Our Man! Our Man! I've got him! Hurry, hurry! Dr. Leakey was woozy from his medicine, but ran to see the find.

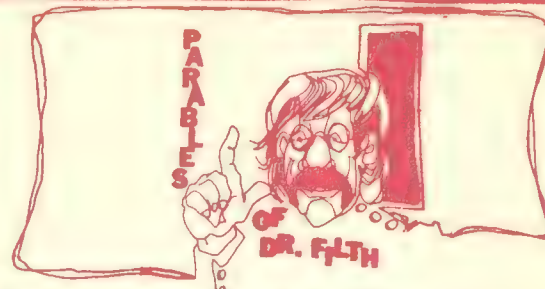
Their tools were a camel-hair brush and a metal dental pick. Old bones are so brittle that shovels and standard picks can cause more harm than good. Though the skull was cracked into 400 pieces, they were able to reconstruct it. The job took an entire year, and Dr. Leakey described it as being like putting an egg back together after it had been smashed.

The Leakeys named their find ZINJANTHROPUS. Zing is Arabic for East Africa and anthropus is the Greek word for man. Scientists placed Mr. Zinj at 1,750,000 years old, but new evidence has pushed him back even further. By comparison, Java man is 500,000 years old, Peking man 360,000.

So it is in Africa that mankind had its start. In an important sense, we are all of African origin. Even klansmen, though they would never acknowledge the fact.

Next--African Civilizations.

(This column is the property of Mr. Feldman. Anyone wishing to reproduce should write to him c/o The Seed.)



GEORGE GOOBER FINDS GOD

George Goober was an American. More than that, he was a good American. Nobody doubted that, least of all George Goober. Loyal, courageous, clean-cut and mouth-washed, he ate his apple pie with a fervor equal to that displayed toward his mother, his flag, and his Ban Roll-On. It was, therefore, certainly very surprising when he awoke one morning with the definite conviction that he was a toilet. This was certainly very odd, indeed. George had never before believed he was a toilet, contenting himself with the more typically American beliefs that he was Adolph Hitler, King Kong, or Popeye the Sailor, just like everybody else.

"But now I'm a toilet," he mused. "Could it be that I've been a toilet all along, and I've just been deluding myself?"

Being a toilet presented George with an imposing array of hitherto unexpected problems. He had no idea what he would say to the boys in the office or the fellows at bowling league, to say nothing of how they would react.

Suddenly, a terrible thought began to rise in the back of George's mind like an ominous black cloud. What if.....oh, no, it couldn't possibly be.....no, REJECTION? Could it be that he had become -- different? A deviant from the norm? It was too horrible a fate even to imagine. It was inconceivable. It was unAmerican! Anxiously, he studied his face in the mirror. No, it was no different. It was not different at all. It was just the same, the same as everybody else's, as it had always been. George had always taken great pains to assure himself of that. But yet, this unshakable and ever-mounting conviction that deep within his soul, beneath all the carefully woven illusion of thirty-one years of life, he was a toilet. A patriotic toilet, to be sure, a holier-than-middle-income toilet, no doubt, but nonetheless.....

He left his apartment in a frenzy. But it was bad on the streets, where, upon turning a corner, he was almost bowled over by the Trix Rabbit, who seemed to be going somewhere in an awful hurry, carrying a submachine gun under one arm and mumbling something about greedy fascist kids.

"But Property is the essence of civilization," retorted George patriotically. The Rabbit, who had not even noticed George, stopped halfway down the block and looked at him for a full thirty seconds or so. "When you choose, try to lose, jagoff," said he. "Goddam toilet."

"Yaaaaaaaagh!" said George, staggering blindly into his office. Looking around, he could hardly contain his surprise. All his friends, his childhood companions, his Fellow Americans! They were all toilets!

"Well, George, old boy, you're certainly looking chipper today!" said his old friend Ed.

"Yeah. I don't know how you do it, George old kid," said his old friend Joe. "Even on a Monday morning you can still come in looking so.....well, so clean and neat, so much the same!"

"George is one guy who's always in the know, ain't he, fellers," said his old friend Charlie. "You sure can't put nothing over on old George Goober. He knows where it's at. Just like us."

George Goober's fears melted away with a sudden realization that began to flood over him like the waters of a toilet. A new understanding of himself and his fellow men engulfed him, and with it, a renewed sense of self-assurance and security. And he said to his boss, a very rich and therefore very wise man: "It's always been this way, hasn't it?"

Paternalistically placing his arm around George's shoulders, his wise boss confided sagely, "Of course it's always been that way, George. I'm glad you've finally come to recognize that inner Self we all share. I've never doubted for an instant that you would find it, as we all have found it. It is within us all, George. It's the soul of America!"

Common Filth

## AARON RUSSO'S Electric

GUSS WHO'S GOOD TO EAT AT THE ELECTRIC THEATRE?

not WHO, what.  
MOTHERS' FUDGE FUG FISH who fish?  
MOTHERS' FUDGE FUG WITH JOE FISH oh! mothers' FUGS.  
NO, JOE FISH, MOTHERS' FUDGE AND FUGS. Right!  
mothers' VANILLA FUDGE  
with fugs.

WHOSE MOTHERS? the MOTHERS OF INVENTION'S  
mothers' vanilla fudge and fugs with fish  
SOUNDS GREAT! no! greatful!

GREATFUL? yeah! GREATFUL DEAD mothers of  
invention's mothers' vanilla fudge  
and fugs with fish.

YEAH! O.K. MY WHAT QUICK SERVICE! no, quick silver.  
QUICK SERVICE SILVER? no!

QUICK SILVER MESSENGER'S  
greatful dead mothers of  
invention's mother's vanilla fudge  
and fugs with fish!!

OH.

WHO - august 1 one nite only FUGS - august 2,3,4 MOTHERS - august 14,15  
everyone else coming soon --

4812 n. clark st. 784-1700 \*3 wed. thurs. sun. \*4 fri. \*sat. 8:00 - 3:00

## theatre

Most of us ran. Some threw rocks. Cops went down. The barricade was set ablaze. We retreated up Telegraph toward campus. It was sealed by a deep line of pigs. We turned left on Bancroft. The pig surged after us. We ran with just enough time to smash the windows of the Wells Fargo Bank. There were pigs ahead. We were trapped. Clubbings in a heavy cloud of tear gas.

Packs of patrol cars down the side streets...An orange billow of flame roars into the sky. The symbol of American riot: a burning building. On Bancroft, a cop was hit with a molotov cocktail. He burst into flames. The pigs have fear and murder in their eyes.

We're back in our houses earlier tonight.

A curfew was imposed the next night. There were cops on the roofs of Telegraph Avenue with M-1s. Professors and businessmen driving home were stopped, searched, intimidated. It was the pig's night. The Berkeley police were reinforced with cops from Oakland, Haywood, San Leandro, California Highway Patrol, Alameda County Sheriff's deputies. Berkeley was occupied.

I wanted to visit a friend on the other side of Telegraph Avenue. I didn't. Someone was leaving the house to drive back to San Francisco. "Drive around through Oakland and don't carry."

...Monday night, the curfew again. A shot was fired on Telegraph Avenue. Don't go outside. "The curfew is becoming a drag."

...The Berkeley bourgeois, frightened by the police, were hostile...

Tuesday night: the curfew was lifted. The Avenue was almost empty. Quiet conversations in the cafes. Through the lull, young men walked slowly, greeting each other with conspiratorial eyes.

The lull was partly the result of a series of meetings run by YSA. At these meetings, attended by some anarchists but controlled by the Trotskyists through proficient use of Robert's Rules, demands were set forth and a negotiating team formed. The negotiating team met with the City Council and presented seven demands.

The City Council...agreed to use of the street July 4...and lifting the curfew. This was a prudent decision...Had the curfew remained, small gangs (affinity groups) would be formed and moved, hitting selected targets. The theory was already there and there were many groups of friends tight enough to carry out missions. Giving us the street July 4 prevented a certain confrontation. It left people walking around proclaiming a victory.

Getting Telegraph Avenue for July 4 was a victory or sorts. But it was also a setback. What we had fought for, we now requested. Our street was given to us, for a night.

On the night of July 4, there was dancing on Telegraph Avenue. Rock bands played. Drugs abounded. A large band with amplification equipment was set up on campus. The volume drew the crowd.

The street and campus were ours. Under the dull stars of independence night, we celebrated...

Paul Samberg--THE RAT--Liberation News Service

Next issue--The Huey Newton trial.

Philadelphia, July 10--Twelve heroes of the American revolution were gagged with white cloth in protest of the sentencing of the Boston four...A leaflet from the Philadelphia Resistance was distributed, which read in part:

"The statues are gagged today in part because one of the loftiest ideals of these revolutionary heroes has been denied in Boston.

The freedom of speech for which the founders of this nation pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor has been set aside

by a court in Boston...The four in Boston stand only as guilty as those who signed the Declaration of Independence..."

Among the statues gagged with those of George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, John Paul Jones and Benjamin Franklin. They refused comment. (LNS)

#### BONNIE AND CLYDE DEPARTMENT

Miami--Jack (Murf the Surf) Murphy, who stole the Star of India from N. Y.'s Museum of Natural History in 1964, was ruled legally insane.

#### AIR PROGRESS

Washington--\$216,500,000 and six years later, the Navy has won its battle to have the F111B ruled unacceptable for its needs. The fight revolved around former Defense Secretary McNamara's concept of "commonality" and General Dynamics being awarded the contract for a plane costlier and, in the opinion of many experts, markedly inferior to a Boeing prototype.

Washington, June 30--Radio Hanoi announced that as of June 29th 3005 U.S. planes had been shot down over North Vietnam. This number is approximately 3.5 times the casualty figure listed by the American military command.

The noise level at the center of a hard rock hall is the same as that in the pits at Indianapolis--106 decibels. (Science Digest)

#### THEN AND NOW

Vatican City, June 30--Pope Paul defended the ideas of Papal infallibility, the virgin birth and clerical celibacy before 50,000 people.

San Francisco, July 15--Nine "resigned" members of the armed forces left their church sanctuary for Marin county to elude capture by a contingent of Military Police. Each had been handcuffed to a clergyman while inside the house of worship.

#### VESTED INTERESTS AND THE PEOPLE

"Black lung", a disease caused by inhaling coal dust, affects nearly 80% of America's 120,000 soft coal miners. Both the United Mine Workers Union and the owners seem to feel that the \$130 needed to outfit each man with oxygen tanks would sharply curtail profits.

Boston, July 9--Philosopher Herbert Marcuse is in hiding in Southern California following a threat on his life, believed to be from the Minuteman, according to a physics professor here. (LNS)

# sounds of modification



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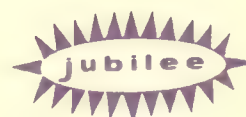
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A California State Narcotics agent was beaten senseless by San Francisco police recently and sent to the county hospital. The 26 year old, bearded, long-haired agent was caught by accident in a dope raid. When he reached inside his coat for identification, the police thought he was going for a gun, so they grabbed and frisked him. He did have a gun. Splat! When the police stopped working him over, he had two deep scalp lacerations, red welts all over his back and was semi-conscious. When he was finally able to identify himself, he was sent to a ward of San Francisco General Hospital which treats government employees.

**Question:** I am a 21 year old male and am very worried about my sexual capabilities. I never have engaged in a sexual intercourse. Problem: my penis' foreskin cannot be pulled back. Is it possible to have an intercourse with this state or is circumcision necessary for my condition?

**Answer:** Most uncircumcised males have no such hangups, but a visit to a urologist sounds in order for you. Your local medical society or nearest medical school could make such a referral.

**Question:** Our house is shared by a large parrot, with whom I have been dining, sharing the same fork and food.

In that the parrot seems to be a very healthy bird, never having been sick a day in his life, and in that humans are such sickly animals, prone to a multitude of diseases, how may I be endangering his health?

**Answer:** Psittacosis, or parrot fever, is a respiratory disease which can be transmitted from the birds to man or, in your case, from man to bird. The agent causing the disease was formerly thought to be a virus but may be closer to rickettsia, microorganisms midway in size between bacteria and viruses. Psittacosis causes a type of pneumonia and the first symptom is usually a cough.

**Question:** My lover says I have the largest erection she's seen. I measured it on the upper side and it is almost seven inches.

Is this larger than usual? Also, if my partner had a small vagina would there be any chance of splitting her?

**Answer:** Your lover loves you. The largest known human penis was said to be 14 inches erected.

The "normal" range is five to seven inches. Except for extreme mismatches, which occur very rarely, the normal vagina can change to accomodate a penis of any size. If you are gentle, there is no chance of doing harm to your friend.

**Question:** Everyone says that the penis size doesn't determine good sex: for me it's an important factor. I had a child four years ago and don't think I'm markedly bigger inside, at least my doctor says no. I've always wished my husband were a little larger (I love him dearly and have not had any extramarital affairs). Since he can't expand, is there a way I can contract? Silicone injections? Douching with some mysterious chemical? Does any company make some device that I can insert before intercourse for a fuller feeling? Tell me.

My doctor just winks and smiles and says it's all in my head. That's not where I want it.

**Answer:** I wonder if this is something that has concerned you for four years or only recently. Vaginal exercises are quite valuable for restoring and improving muscular tone. By pretending to place a finger in the vagina or even practicing to place a finger in the vagina or even practicing on your husband, you (and he) will note the action of two distinct muscle groups when you contract or squeeze these muscles. This exercise is similar to squeezing the sphincter muscles of the anal opening-in fact the same muscle groups are involved.

A San Francisco go-go dancer told me she practices these exercises while doing her routine on stage. Other women practice several times a day while reading or washing dishes. Like the muscle-building exercises performed by

weight-lifters, the frequency and forced use should be gradually increased. Okay, everyone (female) out there--1, 2, 3 SQUEEZE!

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o Seed Publishing, 837 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 60610.



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# O SAY CAN YOU SEE-EE

...On Friday evening, June 28, the YSA and nine other groups were holding a rally in solidarity with the French students and workers. It promised to be dull. But it was held on Telegraph Avenue, the energy center of the insulated island of Berkeley. The shops, cafes, and sidewalks were crowded and humming while the socialists set up a sound truck...

...Speaker followed speaker on the sound truck with pertinent statements like Pete Camejo's, "It will be a great day when the workers of this country hoist the red flag over their factories."

Unwilling to wait that long, a few lunatics ran into the street and sat down. Traffic stopped. Camejo, on the truck, commanded: "Get out of the street. We don't want to provoke the police." An anarchist carrying a stick chanted "Two, four, six, eight, organize and smash the state." Afraid of losing control, the rally monitors surrounded the street-sitters and tried to pull them out of the gutter. A fight almost broke out. The cops on the roofs snickered. This was getting a little embarrassing.

The street-sitters returned to the sidewalk. The rally continued. Irrelevant and tedious talk.

The police were massing at a corner up Telegraph Avenue toward the Berkeley campus... The gutter was cleared. The cops marched back to their corner. Camejo, on the sound truck, declared: "This is an orderly rally. The constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of assembly... If there is any violence the police will be responsible..."

Wearing a blue civilian suit, (Police Chief) Beall approached the truck. He refused to climb on. He was handed down the microphone and he addressed the crowd: "The meeting was allowed as long as it remained orderly. Now we're going to clean the street."

"So you think we're dirty, huh?"

"Pigs must go."

Beall walked to his troops... The sound truck was leaving. It cruised down Telegraph Avenue, away from the massed cops. The desertion of the Socialist leaders was rationalized by a voice coming through a bullhorn in an apartment window: "We've moved the sound equipment in here in order to communicate with people..." We retreated slowly, small groups splintering off onto side streets and flowing back into Telegraph Avenue after the pigs had passed...

They fired tear gas point blank into the crowd. We fled coughing down the side streets. "Don't run. Walk. Walk..." Telegraph Avenue was occupied and unapproachable.

...The largest group of people gathered at the top of Telegraph Avenue where it intersects Bancroft Avenue in front of the Berkeley campus. We built barricades in the intersection. Traffic backed up on Bancroft.

"The pigs are coming." We set the barricades on fire. We ran onto the campus and gathered rocks. A prowler car sped down Bancroft, through a barrage of rocks, and kept going. Cheers. More pigs emerged out of Telegraph Avenue. We threw our rocks and retreated deep into campus. The pigs followed, flung their gas canisters and ran off. They looked like mischievous kids throwing rocks at a window and splitting. They had orders not to enter the campus.

University cops were stationed on the balcony of the student union. They ducked our rocks and retreated inside. Eyes tearing, I climbed the union's outside stairway and looked through a second-story window. A band was playing for a frat-type dance.

The dull pop of tear-gas canisters was heard less frequently now. I wandered back onto Telegraph Avenue intent on breaking a window of the Bank of America. Earlier that day, a bank official had hassled me about cashing a check. As I approached the bank, a pig jumped out of an unmarked car and threw a canister of gas at me. I ran...

...The riot was about America. A specific was Telegraph Avenue. It was "our" Avenue. It was our space. Public space is a shared concept in Berkeley. One result of FSM was the transformation of the campus plaza into "public space." Radical advance means liberating more space. For what street would you fight?

...Berkeley activists suffered from feelings of unreality, vacancy, and depression--until the cops invaded Telegraph Avenue. Emotions changed. The people had something to defend. "The men of Berkeley are happy today" was a sentence overheard over breakfast the next morning. From there up to the Avenue. Business-as-usual--except everyone met comradely eyes.

Word of a mass meeting. At the meeting, demands were set forth by YSA: an open microphone for tonight, and open Avenue for July 4. The very act of formulating demands limited the struggle. A circulating anarchist leaflet: "dance tonight."

After sunset, the Avenue was mobbed. There was the standard rally. There was also a band in the street. Some of the most militant activists were dancing. Circles of people sat in the gutter passing joints.

We erected an immense barricade. It couldn't be held against tear gas but it would be a good shield for throwing rocks. The windows, fire escapes, and porches above the Avenue were crowded with prepared young people.

Rumors... chalked slogans on the street. The pigs arrived late. In formation, wearing gas masks, they marched up Telegraph Avenue toward the barricade.

We picked up rocks. The pigs fired canisters of tear gas and kept coming.

# "2001"

THE SECRET DOCTRINE REVEALED

It is all laughing on the gallows of absolute reality.

Consider the dual unities: yab-yum, wig-wack, weck-wack, a noble shit and an everyday miracle.

The True The Good and The Beautiful would be perfect naming for the Platonic Ideal of a rock-and-roll group.

Anything would be a good name for a rock group.

Yab-yum is Tibetan. Male and female, light and dark, creation and destruction. You can't have one without the other.

Wig-wag are the two sides of Chin Lee, the schizophrenic symbolist poet in Terry Southern's parable "Blood of A Wig". We are all torn apart (Zagreus—"torn apart"—the secret name of Dionysus in the Mysteries) by our two sides, yab and yum, wig and wag. Ahab's scar down the middle of his body.

Weck-wack is more complicated. Wack is wak, spiritual energy, known to American Indians. Called mana by Polynesians, animal magnetism by Mesmer, orgone by Reich, prajna by the Masters of Those Who Know. Wack is also wackiness and waggery, the wig-wack again. Weck is the conversion of electricity to water, or electric power to water power in my Kwannon statue. But the electricity itself might be generated by a waterfall, water energy first becoming electric energy, then restored to water-energy in the statue-fountain in my pad.

Nothing is impossible in a so-called universe where such transformations (water=electricity=water) are possible. Hence the last words of Hassan i Sabbah: "Nothing is true, everything is possible." Black monolith forty feet under the moon, waiting four million years. The Great (Maha) Mantra of Mrs. Eddy tells us: "There is no truth, substance, life or reality in matter; all is infinite mind and its infinite manifestation. The Amerind god, Wakan Tanka, usually mistranslated Great Spirit, really means Father of Energy. At the last stage of training Thucultists are told "There is no Kali; all that exists is your own mind." The same secret revealed by Hassan i Sabbah to the Assassins. And the Arabic cult of the Horned One (the moon god has two horns as shown in Chinese or in our crescent) called him Rabban (Our Lord), from which came the Robin of the witch cult in Europe, Robin Goodfellow, and Robin Hood the first anarchist.

Never ignore the buried truths of language. Expressions like "a noble shit" or "an everyday miracle" attest that all men have known the Burning House of Buddha and Heracleitus, the combustion of the universe by weckwack (energy), the dance of Kali.

Not for nothing did Scotus Erigena say OMNIA QUIA SUNT LUMINA SUNT, all things that are, are lights. And they burned him as a Manichean, 400 years after his death. The Chinese symbol for intelligence, just as in Kubrick's personal poetry of 2001: A Space Odyssey, is the sun and moon together,

lined up. Which is why we say "You're bright" when we compliment a man on his intelligence.

"And the light lived in the darkness, and the darkness knew it not." They crucified Manes, founder of Manicheism, and tanned-and-stuffed his corpse, but he escaped them into the White Light of the Void.

Pound and Joyce saw the insect-eyes of Minraud turned upon us before Burroughs or Kubrick. Pound: "When the mind swings by a grassblade/an ant's forefoot shall save you." And Joyce: "In the bug-gining was the Woid."

Did he who made the sun and moon line up with the monolith make the apes who became man? "Did he who made the lamb make thee?"

The Fourth Patriarch said, "Buddha is dung." And Antonin Artaud writing from the madhouse told the Paris intellectuals: "I say shit to everything."

A noble shit an an everyday miracle, weck-wack, wig-wag, and yab-yum.

"Fool, fool, what a thrice-accursed fool has Ahab been." Zagreus, torn apart, torn apart eternally, the dual unity. Yab-yum, wig-wag, weck-wack, a tale tolled of stem and stone, a tale told of Shem and Shaun.

Leopards, lynxes, all large cats are sacred to Zagreus. "Did he who made the lamb make thee?"

Waiting four million years, monolith and celestial Rose.

The witches, like Siberian shamans, went out via the toadstool, *amanita muscaria* (fly agaric). The Lord of the Flies: insect eyes of Minraud, from outer space. Outer space and inner space are the same voyage.

"Toad that under cold stone/Days and nights hath thirty-one." (Macbeth). The weird sisters=the triple moon goddess=Kali as mother, wife, daughter. The hemp yields both the noose of the Thuggee and the smoke of the assassins. It is a lady, Maria Juana, used by witches in Ireland for centuries. The favored drug of the Italian witches was Bella Donna, beautiful lady.

Toadskin yields bufotonin, a cousin of serotonin, and smack dab in the middle of both the Indole Ring, just like the round eye of HAL-9000. "When you look into the abyss, the abyss also looks into you." "The eye with which I see God is the eye with which God sees me." (Eckhart).



The Lord of the Rings rules over Mordor, i.e., merde and murder. "I say shit to everything!" (Artaud). But the One Ring is in custody of Frodo Baggins, and he, too, returns home after meeting the elves, orcs, demons, archetype of the schitzzy trip.

Jupiter is Zeus-Pater, father of the gods. Of course, the five moons of Jupiter make up the pentagram of the werewolf at times, at certain signs of the zodiac. Of course, of course, of course.

Pity poor Gollum. The golem, the Frankenstein monster, HAL-9000: life-in-death. "The nightmare Life-In-Death was She." (Coleridge). Of course, Gollum (golem) wants the Ring. Of course, HAL tries to murder the humans on the space-ship. Of course, of course, of course.

Leary's first trip with the flesh-of-God (teonactl, the magic mushroom): "First the space game came to an end, then the time game came to an end, then the Timothy Leary game came to an end." Of course, of course, of course. Odysseus also had to say "I am no-man." A space Odyssey. We must rebuild the ape, and pity poor Gollum, and respect "life however small" (Upanishads). The insect eyes are upon us.

But the whole meaning of 2001 is in Dante: "All under the Moon, is under Fortuna...The light shines in some parts more, in others less...The Love that moves the sun and other stars...the Will that wills that all its ways shall not be understood."

Subtitle: A Space Odyssey. An odyssey is odd, I see, but it's a return home. The voyager goes

back to his house, the "terrible ox-killing house of love."

Jung had a patient circa 1930 who dreamed a voice crying out "We must rebuild the ape." Telepathic vibrations from Los Angeles, city of lost Angels, where Merriam Cooper was plotting to unleash King Kong at that time?

The voyager returns. "The hero with a thousand faces", Joe Campbell's mono-myth, goes through alienation and return to the tribe. Schizophrenia=splitting apart, splitting the scene, stepping out of the tribal games. Zagreus, torn apart.

We must rebuild the ape: return, return, return O voyager; look homeward, angel. Rebirth is your reward. "A little child shall lead them."

The Mayans discovered zero and promptly left their cities for nature. The cities were empty before the Spanish conquest.

The ending of 2001 is schitzzy as well as trippy, because the wigs are turned on to the eyes of Minraud the eyes of interstellar space.

The HOD questionnaire (Hoffer-Osmund Diagnostic Test) to spot wigs has such true/false statements as: "People's eyes seem very piercing" "I sometimes feel I have left my body" "My mind is racing away from me" "I am not sure who I am" "I find that past, present and future are all muddled up". Those who agree with most of these statements are schitzzy (split) or wigs. The hero of 2001 goes through all of these in the last 20 minutes or so.

"I'm splitting this scene." "I don't want no more of the Death Universe" (Burroughs), "There's a hell of a good universe next door" (cummings). But the hero returns to the tribe, the odyssey ends at home Homer knew. Not just the Lotus-eaters, but Circe: *kaka pharmak edoken* --she gave them dreadful drugs.

Circe, the "fair-tressed goddess": Maria Juana, Bella Donna, the nightmare life-in-death is she.

The monolith is black, death-color, like Mordor. Only in passing through the monolith (passing through death) as the voyager ages and dies before our eyes, do we reach the re-birth, the child who is the last image on the screen.

"unto us a child is born". The womb-tomb express runs both ways--it is also a tomb-womb express.

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I have a 42 foot sailboat that I am in the process of rebuilding. I plan to sail her on Lake Michigan for at least two more summers & then take her on a cruise to Europe and the Mediterranean. I am looking for people who have some skill in carpentry and fiberglassing who will help work on the boat. In return you will sail with me. Call 337-2623.

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# CALENDAR

## NOW-AUGUST 31

Rosner Gallery, 235 E. Ontario. Art and photos by students from the U. of Chicago and the Photography Dept. of the Art Institute. Tues.-Thursday, 11-7; Friday and Saturday, 11-5.

## NOW-AUGUST 15

Field Museum, Roosevelt Rd. at Lake Shore Drive. Masada, King Herod's fortress. 75¢ adults, 35¢ children. Free film on Masada presented daily at 10:30 AM & 2 PM.

## NOW-JULY 28

Rolf Hockhuth's "The Deputy", directed by David Talbot Cox. The Players at the Shoreland Hotel, 5454 S. Shore Drive. Friday & Saturday at 8:30, Sunday at 7:30. Tickets: \$2.75 res., \$2.25 unres., \$1.75 students Fri. & Sat.--\$2.50 res., \$2.00 unres., \$0.90 students Sunday.

## NOW-JULY 31

"Illinois Paintings & Crafts Exhibition" at U. of Chicago, 1212 E. 59th St.

## EVERY THURSDAY

Poetry readings, 119 W. Locust. Taizez Community. 8 PM. Contact Dave Hagan, Vanguard Bookstore, 1010 N. State, 822-0066. Readers will be paid.

## EVERY SUNDAY

Family Reunion Be-In, Lincoln Park Public Forum (by ballfield north of North Avenue).

## July 24

Jefferson Airplane, Iron Butterfly, Conqueror Worm at Aaron Russo's 'Lectric Theater, 4812 N. Clark St.

## July 24-27

Iron Butterfly and Conqueror Worm at the 'Lectric Theater

## July 27

Tiny Tim tip-toes through the tulips at Auditorium Theater, Congress at Wabash. 8:30 \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3 tickets on sale at box office or Tickets Central, 212 N. Michigan and Wards, Fields and Crawford.

## July 27-28

Jack Jones and Pat Paulsen at the Opera House. 8:30. \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50.

## July 27-Sept. 15

Field Museum. "Camouflage In Nature", a free exhibit of color prints by scientist Edward S. Ross. Hall 9 Gallery.

## July 27

National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam rally and canvass of the Hyde Park area. Information tables, a party and a talk by Rennie Davis on "Demonstration Plans for the Democratic National Convention" at the University Church of the Disciples of Christ, 5655 S. University Avenue.

## July 28-Sept. 1

Field Museum--"Egypt Through A Biologist's Eye"--photos by Dale Osborn, who spent three and one-half years in the desert. Ground level.

## August 1

9:30 A.M., Branch 56, 26th & California. The Walrus and the Headland go to court.

## August 1

The Who--Electric Theater--

## August 2-4

Fugs & Home Juice, Electric Theater.

The Seed will be happy to list your event. Send material to Calendar, c/o Seed, 837 N. LaSalle, Chicago 60610.

## August 2

Baby Huey at the Aragon Ballroom. 1106 Lawrence & Broadway.

## August 2

Astronomy--Dearborn Observatory of Northwestern U., 2131 Sheridan Rd., Evanston. Groups of up to 20 persons may tour and view the cosmos through the 18 and 1/2 inch telescope. Send self-addressed envelope indicating desired time and date to the observatory. Groups of 7 or more should call 492-7651 or 492-5300 for reservations. (Fridays thru the 30th).

## August 3

Herman's Hermits and the Sunshine Sequence at the Aragon

## August 3

Jason Robards in "A Thousand Clowns"--Playboy Theater Midnight Movie, 3 performances nightly, \$1. 1204 N. Dearborn.

## August 4

Percy Shelley born 1792.

## August 8

"Black Orpheus"--Playboy's Midnight Movies.

## August 10-11

The Association. Opera House. 8:30 P.M.

## August 13

Watts Revolt begins, 1966.

## August 14-15

Mothers of Invention. Electric Theater, 4812 N. Clark. Call SU4-1700 for advance tickets.

## August 17-18

Big Brother and the Holding Company, Aragon Ballroom, 1106 Lawrence.

## August 9

Wilson Picket and Mitch Ryder at the Opera House. 7 & 10.

## August 9-10

Baby Huey and the Sunshine Sequence at the Aragon, 1106 Lawrence.

## August 10

Jimmy Hendrix--Auditorium Theater, Congress & Wabash.

## EVERY SUNDAY

Jack Perrin, Scientology Lecture. 110 W. Grand, top floor. "How to Achieve Levels of Awareness Higher Than Man Has Even Attained Before."

cont. from page 2

c. Many of the original plans have collapsed. Anyone who comes to Chicago with less than \$100 for the five days is taking a chance on being caught without bail, eating and transportation money. The free paper is a dead issue, and I know of only one mimeo machine definitely committed to the park.

d. City officials have sent out bad vibes toward Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis. Our friendly neighborhood Subversive Unit Sarge hates YSA and is scared witless over the very existence of Tom Hayden. And, as I sit here typing, an announcement comes over the radio--"National Guard Units will have night duty for the entire Convention." If they're being put in up front, we might just have the Green Berets in by the second day. Hand John Wayne a flower. He'll eat it and spit the petals at you.

e. Put X thousand freaks in a park with no groundwork and you'll have the same communication as if you'd locked the Mothers and the Lennon Sisters in a closet. Anarchy is groovy if people's heads are in the same place. Throw Rennie, Ed Sanders, Alan Ginsberg and a speed freak in that same closet. Yech.

f. When the city asked us what to do about dope and "fornication" we replied as one: "Nothing!". Now we've been advised that Federal Narcs are on their own. Not exactly a paranoia-free atmosphere.

g. Many people ostensibly involved in the Festival are ready to follow the Convention wherever it may go. This is rather different than working along the parameters of an alternate society. If the Demagogic National Puke is your thing, O.K. But don't pretend that your trip is Flower City.

h. Nobody knows when the blaks are up for (let us not forget that black folk have had nothing to do with the Festival since the first support-Gregory flash crumbled to dust). Jeff Fort, second-in-command of the Blackstone Rangers (15,000 troops, thank you) is up for a contempt charge, a day at 26th and California demonstrates who gets the benefit of Chicago's concern with "crime in the streets", three seconds in any ghetto hips you to a sleeping giant. If the blacks do a number, it'll be "kick out the jams" and "devil take the hindmost".

Let me make clear that this is my rap and my rap only. Everyone still involved with Free City's negotiations wants a Festival, and the political arm of the Yippie forces will be here if the Old Men decide to stay. The permit request has been filed (yeah, my name is on it), and there's a chance that this letter could become a classic piece of underground paranoia. I hope so, but don't bet on it. I'd rather see 50,000 suits go up against the wall and learn about the 1968 version of America the Beautiful than see 50,000 of my brothers and sisters suffer another installment of a lesson they already know by heart.

If you're coming to Chicago, be sure to wear some armor in your hair.

Abe

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